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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts – December 4, 1971, 50 cents

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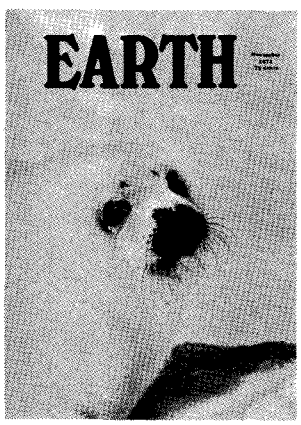

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TRB

from Washington ®

Poor Richard's Bad Press

If you get the picture of Mr. Nixon as a besieged man, who feels he is receiving worse treatment from the press than other Presidents, then you can understand a lot of odd things going on in Washington. If the press (and other administration critics) are as hopelessly intolerant and biased as Mr. Nixon thinks then he is justified in rough fighting in return.

We have recently gulped through the valuable Evans and Novak book, *Nixon in the White House*, along with the piece from Allen Drury's forthcoming *Courage and Hesitation* appearing in the final issue of lamented *Look* magazine, which is a sympathetic profile of the President. What strikes us is the actual dislike of Mr. Nixon and his staff for the press. It explains the extraordinary White House countermeasures of the first 30 months in office.

The common refrain of both studies is that Mr. Nixon is being singled out for unjust treatment like a boy from across the tracks by a prim teacher at school. (Funny; Lyndon Johnson had that idea, too). But in Mr. Nixon's case he is being treated more unfairly than any recent President or, perhaps, than *any* President.

Drury, a conservative reporter who admires Mr. Nixon, was allowed to sit in at a White House Plans Committee which meets in Herb Klein's office and is the "image factory" for the President. Drury seems to accept the committee's judgment that "nine-tenths of the White House press corps is absolutely and adamantly determined to present it (the administration) in a harsh, suspicious and hostile light."

Drury quotes Tricia Nixon, "I do think sometimes the questions in the press conference are not so much questions as they are an indictment"; and Bob Haldeman, the chief executive officer at the White House, "We find that Nixon is measured by a totally different standard" (from Johnson or Kennedy).

The President's hostility to the press is accepted as a truism in the Evans-Novak book. The Nixon notion of being specially abused strikes anybody who has been around the White House as pretty silly. Yet it is a fact for which we must make allowance. "Although, in truth," say Evans and Novak, "the press attacks on Nixon did not approach in vehemence and consistency the assaults on Lyndon Johnson in 1967 and 1968, Nixon told Howard K. Smith on March 29, 1971: 'It is true that of all the Presidents in this century, it is probably true, that I have less, as somebody has said, supporters in the press than any President.' "

Golly, Mr. Nixon should have been around with Herbert Hoover. But that isn't the point. As *The Atlantic Monthly* comments quietly this month, "More than any other President in recent memory, President Nixon governs with privacy and remoteness from the rest of Washington – even from some of his own cabinet departments. . . ."

You can see for yourself how unfair the news media are. When Mr. Nixon invaded Cambodia he told the nation on TV that he was attacking "the headquarters for the entire Communist military operation in South Vietnam; this key control center." The press unfairly pointed out that the expedition never did find COSVN (the control center). There were any number of other snide examples of belittling the administration. If Lyndon Johnson had said he was going to find COSVN and didn't, do you think for a minute the press would have noticed? Of course not. They have a grudge against *Mr. Nixon.* No wonder the Vice President was turned loose. Not only the news media, Mr. Agnew said in April of this year, but leaders of government, universities, churches, commerce, and the professions are part of "the movement to plead America guilty." It is a kind of conspiracy. He pleaded, "Let's reinstill a little pride in America." He said that *Life* magazine had done a "hatchet job" on the campaign in Laos. A nasty editor retorted that Mr. Agnew was "playing golf with the facts again."

If the press is unfair then it deserves chastisement. That a pattern of administration chastisement has emerged is the thesis of an alarming little pamphlet, *The Engineering of Restraint: the Nixon Administration and the Press*, by Fred Powledge ($1; 55 pages; Public Affairs Press, Washington, DC). It presents the evidence right down to, but not including, the extraordinary episode of radio-TV newsman Daniel Schorr of CBS, who suddenly found himself the subject of an FBI field examination. The press is just jittery enough to wonder when one of its members suddenly gets an FBI examination. Schorr was supposedly being considered for a high federal job. No such job was ever offered however and nobody seems to know anything about it; he was in considerable disfavor with the White House at the time.

Frank Shakespeare, Director of the US Information Agency, as early as September, 1969, told the Association of TV News Directors that he thought TV news was "rather clearly liberally oriented." It was a warning. In November Mr. Nixon made his appeal to the "great silent majority." The newly appointed head of FCC, Dean Burch, in a gesture that was intimidating in thrust and timing, called on several TV stations for transcripts of their editorial comments on the Nixon speech. That is when the Vice President got into the act, first pointedly noting that TV commentators enjoy "a monopoly sanctioned and licensed by government" and later attacking East Coast newspapers. Herb Klein warned the press that if it failed to examine their unsolved problems "you do invite the government to come in."

The survey cites subpoenas issued for background material of *Life*, *Time* and *Newsweek*; the unsuccessful effort to get commentator Mike Wallace to testify about the Black Panthers; the contempt citation on the West Coast against Earl Caldwell, a black reporter for *The New York Times* on the same subject, thrown out on appeal and now headed for the Supreme Court. In 18 months, the survey says, CBS and NBC have had 52 subpoenas from the government.

Then came the Pentagon Papers. For 15 days, while the case roared through the courts, American newspapers were restrained for the first time in history by judicial order. The Supreme Court finally ruled for the press, 6 to 3, but with the new Nixon court, who knows?

Mr. Powledge argues that this has frightened certain timid journalists and the threat "would not be nearly so great if the press itself had fought harder for its freedom." Well, TRB will never be intimidated! . . . What's that, Mrs. Somers? . . . . A telephone call? . . . . Oh, we're "being considered for a high government job," eh?

Dear me.

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Who's the Farmers' Friend?

When Earl L. Butz first appeared before a Senate confirmation hearing he said, "I feel like the man who walked into the post office, saw his picture on the wall and said he didn't know he was wanted." The feeling was prophetic. Like President Nixon's Supreme Court choices, Mr. Butz became the target of an almost unprecedented barrage of criticism from Democratic presidential hopefuls, farm bloc legislators of both parties, and liberal farm organizations. They think he is the worst possible choice for Secretary of Agriculture and farmers agree. Whether or not he is confirmed this week by the Senate, it is already clear that farm belt economics will be a key issue in the 1972 campaign – as it was in the congressional elections of 1970, to the discomfort of the Republicans. Corn and soybean farmers who wield considerable power in the farm community have little confidence that Phase II of Mr. Nixon's economic program will bring relief by next spring from their current cost-price squeeze, and they are angry. Opposition to the Butz nomination centered on these issues: his past opposition to high-price supports; his close ties with agribusiness – big corporate-sized farms and the related business conglomerates that process their products; and his callous attitude toward consumers and the poor whether they are migrant farm workers or recipients of federal food stamps. The issues are real and durable.

Worried about growing farmer discontent and losing the Midwest next year, Mr. Nixon went to Iowa last March to sell himself and his programs. He was greeted at the state capitol by an odd assembly of a thousand protestors – some students against the war, some hardhats against a wage-price freeze, the rest farmers discontented with low product prices. Then in May, Mr. Nixon staged a "Salute to Agriculture" on the White House lawn, which was ridiculed as pure public relations. In September, the President identified himself with the farmers' principal grievance by noting that while the prices they pay for what they buy have gone up 52 percent over the past 20 years, the prices they get for what they raise have increased only eight percent. More recently, in a conciliatory move, Mr. Nixon gave up his plan to merge the Department of Agriculture with other agencies. And then he reached into the past for Mr. Butz, who had served as assistant secretary of agriculture in the 1950s under President

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Eisenhower. Dean of continuing education at Purdue, the land-grant university of Indiana, Butz is an eloquent public speaker, a Republican and a life-long agrarian, a seemingly suitable nominee. The President perhaps saw in him the image-maker who could erase the poor impression made by Clifford Hardin, the cabinet nonentity Butz would replace. But Midwestern farmers were not impressed; they are openly skeptical that Butz would be any more willing to raise price supports than Hardin was. They remember Butz' advocacy of the free market policies of Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson, which hinged on minimal government intervention and resulted in disastrous crop surpluses. One seasoned Iowa observer said before the Senate vote that people there think Butz "has spent too much time representing those who farm the farmers."

In defending himself before a critical Senate committee, Butz tried to respond to that skepticism. "The family farm must be preserved but it has to . . . produce more in the years ahead to survive," he said. He thought there were four possibilities for boosting farm prices: government purchases of grain, creation of a strategic grain reserve, raising price support levels, or increasing payments for diverting land from production. He denied that his participation on the boards of three giant agribusiness firms constituted a conflict of interest, though the smaller farmers found that hard to swallow, as did quite a few senators. After repeated questioning, Butz admitted he owned 2000 shares of stock in Ralston Purina Co. and International Minerals and Chemicals Corp., and 1000 in Stokely-Van Camp Co. The stock is worth about $109,000. He earned $26,800 last year as a director of the three corporations, in addition to his $35,000 university salary. In a neat trade-off, Hardin left the cabinet to become vice chairman of the board of Ralston Purina, saying the job was so good he could not refuse it.

Although Butz offered to place his agribusiness stock in a "blind trust," he told the committee he didn't want to sell the stocks now because values are low. That fell flat. When the senators in a narrow 8-to-6 vote approved his confirmation (with two Republicans, Miller of Iowa and Young of North Dakota voting against), they stipulated that he must sell the stocks within 90 days. Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, a member of the committee and GOP national chairman, remarked with some justice that the attacks on Mr. Nixon's nominee were inspired by Democratic presidential ambitions, but even Dole was dismayed that the White House had picked Butz without consulting farm state Republicans in Congress.

Nearly every Democrat from a rural or farm state opposed the nomination, among them Hubert Humphrey, George McGovern, Fred Harris, William Proxmire and Adlai Stevenson III. For the record, it was said that they wanted to block confirmation, and they did want to block it, but their more realistic aim was to make Butz a campaign liability for the Republicans in 1972, and to that end they produced damning evidence equal to that which defeated the appointments of Clement Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court. Harris and Proxmire quoted extensively from an April speech made by Butz before the National Agricultural Advertising and Marketing Association and sponsored by the General Motors Speakers Bureau, at which Butz ridiculed Sen. McGovern's hearings on the plight of migratory farm workers in Florida, the food stamp program ("ridiculous") and even President Nixon's welfare program, which he said was "so far out that even the Democrats in Congress won't buy it." Proxmire cited Butz' defense of pesticides and disapproval of environmentalists and consumerism and called the nominee a threat to the environment.

Although the nomination could have been challenged most effectively on the grounds that Butz has no constituency, is apathetic to social problems and favors special interests, most Democrats turned to outdated platitudes in urging his rejection. They argued that he will not raise price supports to boost sagging corn and wheat prices. This plea for parity income is only slightly less off the mark than Butz' hypocritical denial of his commitment to big farmers and reduced subsidies. Raising corn prices more than 10 cents a bushel as Sen. Humphrey suggests would only help the big farmer and encourage greater overproduction. This in turn would put more pressure on the federal budget at a time when billions are needed, especially in rural areas, for starving health, housing and education programs. Ironically, if the political rhetoric is set aside, Butz accurately identified the trend in American agriculture: small farms are dying out; small farmers are leaving the land at the rate of 2000 a week. Between 1960 and 1970 the farm population declined by one-third, from 15 million to about 10 million. Big farms, still mostly family-owned, are taking over the bulk of production. Whether that trend can and should be reversed is what ought to be of primary concern to policymakers.

Both parties are on the spot in the politically sensitive corn and livestock regions because of this year's enormous corn crop. But raising price supports will not help the family farmer much, since he lacks the capital and acreage to substantially expand his planting and in many cases is only a part-time farmer who also holds a blue-collar job. What he needs are new nonfarm job opportunities and improved public services. Of all the Democrats challenging Butz, only Sen. Harris pursued the question for the future – whether the American public will be best served by an impending concentration of power in agriculture equivalent to the oligopoly in the oil industry, and whether it is possible to revive rural America as something more than an island empire of company towns.

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Economic Warfare

When Uncle Sam sneezes, it is said, the rest of the world comes down with pneumonia. And just because we are big, rich and influential, the current trend in US foreign economic policy is dangerous. The first step toward protectionism was taken with the President's announcement on August 15 of a 10 percent import surcharge and the severance of the dollar from gold. That action seemed justifiable in the light of the huge deficit in our balance of payments. The new import tax was temporary, the President said, and would be lifted when Japan, West Germany and some others agreed to revalue their currencies upward by amounts sufficient to help us close the gap in our international trade. But soon Treasury Secretary Connally added other conditions. Our trading partners and Cold War allies, he explained, would have to share a larger portion of the expenses of keeping our protective troops on their shores. They would also have to remove certain barriers to trade that we believe discriminate against goods. *Then* we would lift the surcharge. And so negotiations have dragged on, fruitlessly.

But not without economic repercussions. Foreign commerce is relatively more important to all our trading partners than it is to the United States. For some, our import surcharge has required painful readjustments in the allocation of capital and manpower, with serious threats of recession. We mean no analogy, but rising United States tariffs in the 1920s, retaliation by others, and spreading recessions were the prelude to the worldwide Great Depression of the 1930s.

The August 15 order of Mr. Nixon and Secretary Connally's stern interpretation, however, were only the beginning. Recent administration fiscal proposals have included a "Buy American" provision in the seven percent investment tax credit plus a devious scheme for subsidizing US exports by waiving the income tax on corporate profits accruing from sales to foreigners. To this, Congress has added cuts in foreign aid and a threat to boost our trade barriers further to levels reminiscent of the notorious Smoot-Hawley Act of 1930.

This last provision appears as a component (Title 6) of the Revenue Act of 1971, passed last week by the Senate. It would give the President authority to declare a balance-of-payments emergency and to impose import quotas or surcharges of 15 percent without further congressional consultation or action. It provides, in other words, the tools with which the President can carry on economic warfare. As Senator Jacob Javits (R, NY) has said, it is an economic counterpart of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. Jointly with Senator Alan Cranston (D, Calif.), Javits proposed an unsuccessful amendment to strike the protectionist provision. This week, it is expected that the revenue bill will go to conference where there is some hope, since Title 6 did not appear in the House version, that it may be cut or significantly modified. The deficit in the US balance of payments, of course, must be corrected, but this requires patient negotiation leading to an amicable readjustment of exchange rates and, ultimately, to fundamental international monetary reform. Some restraint on our capital outflows, particularly the mounting investments abroad of our multinational corporations, would also help, and for a variety of reasons would be welcomed by many of our trading partners. But the mindless raising of trade barriers – the new isolationism – represents an overreaction of lawmakers that is bound to be regretted. At the least, it is self-defeating since it always provokes retaliation. At worst, it can divide the world into antagonistic blocs of warring regions, a mockery of the tenuous hopes for international tranquility.

New-Breed Cop

The newly elected sheriff of San Francisco, Richard Hongisto, has never been an ordinary cop. While a city policeman he was the only white member of the force to join Officers for Justice, a group concerned about police treatment of minorities. After ten years in the department he resigned to become a reporter on educational TV and work for a doctorate in criminology at Berkeley. He is probably the only man ever to win election to a major law enforcement office with the open support of women's liberationists and homosexuals, with peace symbols in his posters and a campaign budget of less than $15,000.

The peace symbols were more than a calculated appeal to San Francisco's antiwar constituency. "Our domestic hawks think they can reduce crime by relying on more policemen, fancy weaponry and repressive legislation," Hongisto says. "It hasn't worked in Vietnam and it isn't working here. Crime continues to go up while taxes soar, civil liberties are eroded, citizens become fearful of police and mutual stereotypes develop. It's all very nonproductive and expensive."

As sheriff, Hongisto's principal responsibility will be to administer the county jail, which is little more than a state-subsidized school for crime. He will attempt to reduce the size of the inmate population (over 40 percent of those in county jail are guilty of drunkenness, drug use or other victimless crimes). He wants to set up community-based parole centers to help nondangerous prisoners readjust to society. For prisoners remaining in confinement there will be new vocational training and remedial reading courses. Food and physical conditions in the jail will be improved; a prison library will be opened; ex-offenders and persons from the community will be actively involved in prison activities to lessen the inmates' isolation. In addition Hongisto supports legislation strengthening prisoners' rights and fixing a decent minimum wage

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for prison labor. He reacts "positively" to the idea of a prisoners' union.

The chief obstacles will be a tight budget, a corps of deputy sheriffs less disposed to innovation than Hongisto, and some post-electoral coolness between the sheriff and several local judges. Hongisto has been working hard to patch up relations with the judges and has announced he'll donate one-third of his salary, or about $750 a month, to community groups working with parolees and ex-convicts. Though most Justice Department grants to local law enforcement agencies are for gadgetry rather than human relations programs, Hongisto hopes his efforts will be aided by federal, state and private funds.

Mundt's Empty Chair

Since November 1969, every state has had two votes in the Senate, except South Dakota, which has only one. It has only one senator capable of voting on the floor – George McGovern. The other, Republican Karl Mundt, has remained in the hospital since a stroke in late 1969 left him partially paralyzed and unable to speak. By the Senate's rules, no one can vote who is not present on the floor. So Mundt is limited to "paired" votes relayed through his administrative assistant. Under this parliamentary procedure, an absent senator can "pair" his vote against an absentee on the opposing side and thus go on record without affecting the decision. When there's nobody willing to pair, Mundt can't vote at all. In committee, the senator retains full voting power, which he has given by proxy to other committee members of similar politics. Recently, for example, Hugh Scott (R, Pa.) exercised this proxy on the Foreign Relations Committee by voting *twice* against a ceiling of $250 million in military assistance to Cambodia. He was in the minority.

In the Senate office building, Mundt's staff continues operating like any other – sending letters, answering phones and handing out gallery passes to tourists from home. "Constituent service," the press secretary calls it. Because senators have so little time to focus on what they're doing, they can easily become dependent on a clever administrative assistant who knows how to shuttle them from office to caucus chamber to Senate floor, press conference and back again – always on schedule. In Mundt's case, the system has shown itself so self-sufficient that it has managed for two years almost without a senator, and seems quite capable of filling out its six-year term. It has an administrative assistant (Robert McCaughey), a press secretary (Walter Conahan), and about ten staff writers, secretaries and clerks.

About one year ago there was a report that Mundt would run for reelection if his doctors were agreeable. As it turned out, this was only Mrs. Mundt's opinion. The 71-year-old senator hasn't been able to appear in the Senate for two years, and he probably won't do so before his term expires in 1972. After South Dakota had elected a new Democratic governor last fall, and while Republican Frank Farrar was still in office, a group of local Republicans started a move to get Mundt to resign. They wanted the lame-duck governor to appoint a young Republican to finish the remaining senatorial term. Nothing came of it.

Even if the people of South Dakota wanted to replace their disabled senator in midterm, they couldn't. The Constitution says that Congress shall be the sole arbiter of its own membership, and most jurists believe this means that state laws permitting recall of state officials do not apply to members of Congress. South Dakota is *not* among the several western states that allow recall, and therefore the legal question of removing Mundt will never arise. It has come up, however, in California (over Senator Kuchel), Idaho (Senator Church) and most recently, Michigan (over Senator Hart's pro-busing position). In all three cases, small groups of constituents have tried to remove a senator because they felt he was promoting radical-left causes. The petition against Church went as far as the state attorney general, who then ruled that Idaho's state laws didn't apply to federal office-holders.

Rather than define the terms under which a member may be expelled, the Senate has preferred to consider each case individually, with fraternal care. It can, if it wants to, get rid of any member by a two-thirds vote. But infirmity is treated with compassion, and nothing short of treason has brought action in the past.

Balancing Act

The forum which the prime minister of Israel, Golda Meir, is interested in addressing when she comes to the United States in early December is not the UN General Assembly, which will be waist deep in another acrimonious Middle East debate. The Israelis have no illusions about their popularity in the UN; that forum is strongly pro-Arab. Mrs. Meir is interested in an audience of one, the President of the United States. Her message to him, in effect, will be: you promised us planes and you have not delivered them. The Israelis believe that that pledge was implicit in US assurances that it would not permit the balance of military power in the Middle East to be tipped too far by further Russian military supplies to Egypt. Twice within the past month and a half, the State Department has conceded that Soviet arms have indeed continued flowing to Cairo, while US shipments to Israel have been curtailed. That will be the burden of Mrs. Meir's case.

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It puts the President in an awkward position. He had permitted his secretary of state to play an active, mediating role in the Middle East. "President Nixon," Mr. Rogers told the Israeli foreign minister, "authorized me to reestablish the American position in the Arab world . . . and I shall accomplish it." But the secretary, faced with Israeli distrust of international guarantees and Egyptian insistence of Israeli withdrawals, has had to relinquish, at least temporarily, his "honest broker" role. Neither side was pleased by his intervention. Of equal importance, his efforts had begun to alarm the Jewish community in the US.

If Mrs. Meir does not return to Israel from the White House empty-handed, and the probability is that she will not, the way may again be open for talks to resume, and Secretary Rogers may then again try to convince both sides that a limited agreement permitting the reopening of the Suez Canal can be the preliminary to broader discussions on a settlement.

Thai Coup

In quick succession we have witnessed South Vietnam's exciting one-man race for the presidency, the dismissal of the Cambodian parliament by the Lon Nol government, and now the Thai military suspending the constitution, abolishing parliament, dismissing the cabinet, and forming a new "Revolutionary" Party Council made up almost entirely of military leaders.

A parliament can be vexing; it doesn't always debate just the issues the government wants discussed to just the extent that it wants them discussed. And once the people understand that public discussion is there to be had, they may talk – as the Thais did – about such unpleasantries as corruption or the sad and regressive state of the economy. Moreover, the discussion may lead to action, in which case it's better to give the whole game up, especially if your bankroller in Washington – who incidentally is not as easy with the money as he used to be – doesn't care if you have a parliament or not. That's not part of the Nixon Doctrine.

For the last 33 months the Thais had a democracy of sorts. The small military clique that has ruled Thailand since 1958 used the latter part of this democratic interlude to have a more or less open discussion of the China question. This was allowed because it reflected a real debate within the government. Earlier this year, for example, Thai radio stations were ordered to cease broadcasting anti-Peking propaganda. There have been other indications that Thailand was wavering in its strong anti-Peking stand. In the recent UN vote on admitting Peking and excluding Formosa, Thailand abstained. The coup probably indicates that the debate has been resolved by force and that anti-Peking forces are in control.

Immediately after the coup was announced in Bangkok, US officials in Washington stated that the changes would not affect American interests in Thailand. This was not just a wild guess. Before going off to explain the coup to their king, Field Marshal Thanom and other members of the Revolutionary Council stopped by to meet with US Ambassador Leonard Unger. Presumably he got assurances and they got approval. And that's OK, isn't it? For all the US wants out of Thailand is a parking lot and a maintenance garage for its aerial hardware.

Hubert Redux

Ought we to criticize Hubert Humphrey for casting a second covetous look at the White House? Some do. For instance his competitors, and fund-raisers scraping for scarce Democratic dollars, and disabled veterans of the '68 campaign who have no taste for renewing that battle. But what is Humphrey to do? Given his ambition, given equally covetous aspirants no better qualified than he, and given the narrowness of his prior defeat, how could he now settle for being . . . a senator from Minnesota. And yet, the track record of defeated repeaters is poor. In this century, four men have been nominated by their party, lost, and been nominated again. Three of them – William Jennings Bryan, Thomas Dewey and Adlai Stevenson – got fewer votes the second time than the first. Mr. Nixon, of course, was the exceptional fourth, and nobody knows whether a different Democrat could have beaten him. We are not sanguine about Mr. Humphrey's chances. We doubt he will be nominated in Miami. And if he were nominated we doubt he would be elected. We say this, however, recognizing that Hubert Humphrey is not to be deterred. Like Dr. Johnson's twice-married gentleman, he personifies the triumph of hope over experience.

Honesty in Politics

For more than ten years, Presidents, national committee chairmen, senators, congressmen, academics, editorial writers and columnists have bewailed the rising costs of political campaigns and the dangers that monied interests, union interests or business interests are going to control or already do control the choice of candidates. In the past five years we have been treated to a variety of congressional and

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presidential legislative initiatives aimed at "reforming" the political financing system. That none of them has passed should offer a hint that perhaps what has been going on isn't all that disturbing to the men who have been elected to the White House and Congress.

The latest legislative efforts, which are working their ways in various forms of the Senate and House, offer a variety of limits, subsidies, reporting provisions, etc. But while the rhetoric speaks of reform, events in the past few months indicate that there is little real interest in putting on the record – or putting an end to – practices everyone seems to abhor.

In this category, exhibit No. 1 is the performance of the Deputy Attorney General, Richard G. Kleindienst. When political spending reform bills were before House and Senate committees, it was Mr. Kleindienst who presented the administration's reform package wrapped up in appropriate verbiage about the need to change a bad system. During those performances, however, Mr. Kleindienst never referred to any specific instances in his long background as a political campaign organizer and fund raiser to enlighten the public on the types of wrongs that need correcting. (He didn't have to enlighten the congressmen or senators, each of whom probably knows enough on his own.) He did, however, suggest darkly that the public is concerned because of "widespread suspicion that the high price of campaigning leads to secret agreements to exchange political favor for financial support."

On November 16, Mr. Kleindienst did talk in practical terms about campaign financing, but in a somewhat different tone and before a sharply different audience. In a New York City courtroom he described how, in November of last year, Robert T. Carson, then administrative assistant to Senator Hiram Fong (R, Hawaii) and former chairman of the Hawaii GOP organization, offered a campaign contribution, the deputy attorney general testified, "of between $50,000 and $100,000" to the reelection of President Nixon from "a friend," if Kleindienst "could help him with respect to [the friend's] trouble." The trouble, the Justice Department's No. 2 official (and possibly John Mitchell's successor as Attorney General) quickly found out, was that the friend "was under indictment for federal offenses."

Kleindienst testified further that he told Carson "that under no circumstances could I do anything about the matter, even look into it, as a result of the fact that a grand jury had returned an indictment." As a first step, that was fine although it was the least one would expect. What Kleindienst did not do was throw Carson out of his office, or – at least for a week according to his own testimony – tell his boss that he had been offered a bribe.

Only Kleindienst knows why he delayed, but one conclusion could be drawn: that Carson's proposition was not that outrageous or unusual. Kleindienst did testify that he and Carson had "worked very closely" raising funds for candidate Nixon in 1968. Campaign contributions are proffered for similar services, and the choice by a government official between performing on such a request or not may hinge on an outside event such as a grand jury indictment. Would, for example, Kleindienst have acted if Carson's offer had come before the indictment? Would he have interfered with the initial investigation? The fact is that the Deputy Attorney General was moved to report the incident only when he learned the FBI was about to tape a conversation with Carson in an investigation Kleindienst did not know about earlier. And, according to his own testimony, the Deputy Attorney General did not consider the November 24 conversation a bribe offer until December 1 when he found out about the investigation. The supposition then must be that initially the offer of up to $100,000 to aid the reelection of President Nixon was, if not a common campaign fund practice, at least one not worthy of special attention, coming to a man in Kleindienst's position.

The Democrats have been vocal in calling for doing something about campaign costs and financing, and their National Committee spokesmen, Chairman Lawrence F. O'Brien and Joseph Califano, Jr., are among the most concerned. However both those gentlemen and their opposite numbers at the Republican National Committee have been fighting tooth-and-nail to prevent Common Cause from putting party officials under oath to testify about the raising of campaign funds for the 1968 elections. Both parties, it should be noted, were quick to supply witnesses to the congressional campaign reform hearings where they were *not* under oath and not asked specific questions about their practices.

The media, which are also quick to join the chorus for cleaning up campaign financing, have been less than aggressive in following up the infrequent campaign fund stories that document some evasion or misuse of present laws. Last October, *The Washington Post* and *The Wall Street Journal* both described in detail how the milk producers had put almost $250,000 into front organizations set up to handle early money for the Nixon reelection effort. Both were page-one stories. Neither paper has yet to follow up on the legality of such apparently nonreporting front groups and the existence of others. Attorney General Mitchell, who doubles as shadow campaign manager, has been available for press questioning on other matters, yet this one has never been raised, though it catches him in a direct conflict between his Justice Department and political campaigner roles.

In the early part of this century there was a good deal of applause when the current campaign fund legislation was passed. But it didn't take long for the professionals to find ways to turn that effort into more

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"loophole than law" – a phrase used by President Johnson whose own campaign fund credibility stretched from the largest unreported cash input supposedly recorded (in his 1964 reelection effort) to what even his critics describe as the best campaign fund law reform proposal to date, in 1966.

The key then is not legislation itself but how it is implemented. Or perhaps, one should say, that is the key *if your interest is reform.* The interest of politicians is in getting elected. The interest of newspapers often is to sell newspapers. If the law requires stretching and pulling at election time, so be it. Unless *those* attitudes change, perhaps it would be better to keep the law as it is and thus encourage the public to continue its cynicism about money and politicians until some real reformers get into the position where, based on exposed practices, they can enforce as well as promote changes for the good.

Walter Pincus

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The Nixon Watch

Notes from the Cavern

Here are some notes on recent events and trends at the Nixon White House that are not of great significance in themselves but do throw a little light into that shadowy cavern.

The President had a farewell talk the other day with John Price, the last of the bright young men who came to the White House in 1969 with Daniel Patrick Moynihan and, with him, worked up most of the creative ideas that sparked the administration's first two years. Price, aged 32, a lawyer who doesn't care to practice law, is leaving the Nixon staff to join a New York investment firm and, if the signs continue to seem propitious, to seek the Republican nomination for Congress in a Long Island district. Mr. Nixon wished him well in his congressional venture but, as is the President's custom, avoided an outright endorsement that in any case probably wouldn't do Price much good in a district now represented by Democratic Congressman Lester L. Wolff. Price is not being replaced on the Domestic Council staff headed by John D. Ehrlichman, the Assistant for Domestic Affairs. Its 26 deputy, special and staff assistants include no less than six "assistant directors." Presumably necessary endeavors occupy all of them, but Ehrlichman does not encourage the kind of personal notice and credit that made Moynihan's shop an especially rewarding place to work in during his time. Price's final chore was a study of and report upon present and possible national urban policy that was required by Congress and will be submitted to it in February. With the departure of Price, only one member and former leader of the Ripon Society, an organization of mildly dissident Republicans, is left in the President's immediate service. The sole survivor of that breed on the staff is Lee Huebner, a speech writer.

Stephen Hess, Moynihan's deputy and chief assistant during the first two years, left the staff in early 1971, when Moynihan returned to the Harvard faculty. Hess has just completed his work as executive director of the White House Conference on Children and Youth (actually two separate conferences) and at the moment is putting in two months as a *per diem* consultant, doing a survey of cultural organizations based in Washington. His friends understand that he'd like to stay in government, but there doesn't seem to be much chance that he will despite Moynihan's strong endorsement and the friendly interest of Ehrlichman and Leonard Garment, the Nixon assistant who comes closer than any other to filling Moynihan's old role. Ehrlichman and Garment almost succeeded in getting Hess nominated to be director of the federally financed Endowment for the Humanities, an office that disburses some $30 million a year to scholars and groups involved in humanist studies. The news that Hess, a student of politics and co-author of a political biography of Nixon, was in line for the job brought the academic community up in arms. Ehrlichman decided that Mr. Nixon should not be committed to battle in behalf of Hess, despite his acknowledged talents and his past services to the President. Typically of the Nixon procedure in such matters, the choice of whether to stand by Hess or to find a nominee who would be acceptable to the hungry academics was never put up to the President. Ehrlichman made the choice for him. Professor Ronald S. Berman of the University California, San Diego branch, a respected scholar and author with comfortably conservative leanings, was nominated by the President in early November.

Another departing assistant is K. Wayne Smith, the chief of the eight (soon to be 11) systems analysts on Henry Kissinger's National Security Council staff. There's a certain humor in the fact that Smith, his predecessor and his successor, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Philip A. Odeen, are distinguished examples of the "whiz kids" whom Mr. Nixon promised to "root out" of the security establishment in one of his 1968 campaign speeches. Smith and Alain Einthoven, the arch whiz kid of the Kennedy-Johnson era at the Pentagon, co-authored a book (*How Much is Enough?*) on the nature and importance of systems analysis, which may be crudely said to be the art of identifying all the factors of a policy problem and testing proposed solutions against those factors. One

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of Smith's NSC analysts, John Andrew Hamilton Jr., quit in August.

The impression among some of their remaining colleagues at NSC is that the approach of an election year was one of their secondary reasons for quitting. A fairly common apprehension on Kissinger's staff, based in part upon the past experience of some of its members, is that its chief function in 1972 will be to bolster the defense and justification of established policies rather than subject those policies to a continuing process of objective analysis. This is not an inspiring prospect for specialists who have trained themselves to be chronic skeptics. With all respect to Henry Kissinger, and his assistants do hold him in the highest respect, his readiness if not downright eagerness to explain and justify the President's policies at off-record sessions with all sorts of influential groups tends to strengthen the assumption that the premium in the coming year will be upon helping to prove that he and the President have been unassailably right in their foreign policy decisions. Wayne Smith's known reasons for leaving are less provocative, but they convey some idea of what it means to work for Kissinger. Apart from the offer of a remunerative private job, Smith concluded that 16 months of 18-hour days under the Kissinger lash were all that he could take for awhile. Smith's successor, Philip Odeen, presumably knows what he's getting into. One of his main jobs at the Pentagon has been to supervise the staff work that precedes the Defense Department's submissions of budget data and justifications to the NSC Defense Review Group, which Kissinger heads.

A favored diversion among the President's domestic assistants is gossip about the present status and probable future of Vice President Agnew. The most interesting impression relayed to outsiders is to the effect that Agnew is as much in the dark as all of the outsiders and most if not all of Mr. Nixon's assistants are. If the President and the Vice President have discussed the matter, it's the best kept secret at the White House. Mr. Nixon's only recent mention of the Vice President was a tepid birthday salute to Agnew at a GOP fund-raising dinner in Chicago. The President said that Agnew is "a man who is loyal, a man who is courageous, and a man who is competent at handling his duties at home and . . . with great dignity and great ability has represented America in 25 countries." Those who awaited a reference to "our next Vice President" didn't hear any. Mr. Agnew, however, has discussed his prospects with Republican congressmen and with several journalists. The thrust of his reported remarks has been that he doesn't really give a damn whether the President keeps him on the 1972 ticket and isn't wholly sure in his own mind that he wants to be kept on it. James Reston of *The New York Times*, a recent interviewer, perceived in the Vice President's indirectly quoted remarks an amiable candor and a refreshing willingness to bow out if that is the President's wish. Columnist Kevin Phillips, a former assistant to Attorney General Mitchell and a theologian of the Republican right, conveyed in an article that resulted in part from an interview with Agnew a note of whiny complaint that the Vice President had been forced into a role he never sought. His shouts for law-and-order, his attacks on the media, his view that aggressive dissent from adopted policy is an offensive mark of disrespect to the presidency itself, came through in the Phillips account (in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*) as lines that the Vice President was required to take against his better judgment. Agnew's press spokesman, Victor Gold, said that this was Kevin Phillips and not Spiro Agnew talking. If so, Phillips could not have done Agnew any good with the President. The fact, surely as well known to Mr. Nixon as it is to his principal assistants, is that Agnew – denied, it's true, the part in policy formulation that he originally hoped for – chose the alternative role and has enjoyed his performance in it.

John Osborne

Expunging Criminal Records

Ever Been Arrested?

The District of Columbia Court of Appeals ruled in October that criminal arrest records cannot be destroyed or expunged from police data banks, even when there has been no conviction. The case involved Dr. Benjamin Spock and 74 others who had been arrested on April 3, 1970, in connection with antiwar activities at Lafayette Park. After six of those arrested were tried and acquitted, the government dropped charges against the rest. Spock and company then filed a court action to prohibit dissemination of the arrest records by police, to have the records physically destroyed, and to notify anyone who had received the records up to that point of the presumed court action. Two of the demonstrators asked the trial court to declare that the arrest was merely a detention, so that, if asked if they had ever been arrested, they could answer negatively. The lower court ruled in September that it did not have the power to order the expungement. A month later, the Court of Appeals sent the case back, explaining the kinds of relief the lower court could grant the 75, and offering guidelines to do this. But on the key issue of actual physical destruction of the records, the higher court left no doubt: "[The] destruction of records of the Metropolitan Police Department cannot be ordered."

This isolated decision may not affect the futures of most of the people who visit Washington yearly, but it could have a tremendous effect on those who come

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to the Nation's Capital to demonstrate against the government. Already one major event, the Mayday fiasco, has tarnished the backgrounds of 13,000 persons who were locked up, but never convicted of wrongdoing or even brought to trial. Many of the hard-core radicals who were arrested then probably don't care if they can't get a job with the Pentagon because of their arrest record; but dozens of bystanders and government employees, and even a few overzealous reporters, got busted during those crazy days in May, and these straight people may find their "criminal records" coming back to haunt them years from now in seeking employment, bonding, or licensing. This recent court decision leaves the door open for authorities to use the threat of an arrest record against those who would protest against the government in the capital city. While it is difficult to predict how effective that threat could be, the potential for abuse remains.

The DC Court of Appeals used some curious logic in arriving at its decision. One of the arguments for keeping the arrest records intact was to assure that there would be evidence of the event in case of a suit arising out of police misconduct. The records could just as easily be left in police data banks until the arrested person formally requests to have them expunged. He would then, in effect, release the police from prosecution for misconduct, while maintaining his own right to privacy. (Incidently, only central records or data banks were in question, since anyone who wanted to get information from a regular police blotter would have to have had some prior knowledge of the arrest – the approximate date, for example. Both sides conceded, and the courts agreed, that police blotters are needed to prevent secret arrests.) Then, opting for what seems to be administrative tidiness over personal liberty, the court said that Congress, in legislating for the city, "may well have very good reason to want all current records of the police department preserved in order that it might be informed of need for change in its area of responsibility. Indeed, future ability to cope with demonstrations here may well depend on Congress knowing all available facts (not just total numbers) regarding past arrests just like the ones revealed here. In any event, *the hallmark of our system of government calls for the preservation of accurate official records rather than suppression of information.*" (Emphasis supplied.) I agree that the more the people know about their government, the better, except in one instance: when access to that information tramples on the rights (in this case, to privacy and the presumption of innocence) of others.

Fortunately, the appeals court was able to fall back on a set of rules which applies to arrest records in the District of Columbia. (Only 13 states and the District have any rules governing the use of arrest records.) These became the basis for its guidelines to the lower court. The rules, called the Duncan Report rules (after a 1967 report by Charles T. Duncan, DC Corporation Counsel), provide certain guarantees against misuse of arrest records. Besides protecting juveniles and preventing unexpurgated arrest records from being used by anyone other than law enforcement officers, the Duncan Report rules also provide that adult arrest records can be released only where convictions or forfeitures of collateral took place. The appeals court in the Spock case ruled that the lower court should take these rules in mind in reaching a new decision.

A look at the history of the Duncan Report may give a better idea of the abuses it sought to prevent. In 1963, the District of Columbia began permitting all "interested persons" access to police records. As US appeals judge, J. Skelly Wright, noted in an opinion, "This new policy ushered in an era of hard times for job applicants in the District. The Duncan Report noted that the entire central arrest record was reproduced and furnished without cost to government agencies and to the person arrested. The Report found further that 'institutional and other non-governmental employers in the District of Columbia area routinely require job applicants to obtain and provide copies of their arrest records . . .' a total of more than *3500* records was disseminated *a week* at the time the Duncan Committee studied the problem." [Emphasis in original.] The practical effect, Judge Wright noted, was that arrest records jeopardized job opportunities for many, particularly blacks. The Report noted that between 60 and 70 percent of the male working population in some predominately Negro areas of the city were systematically excluded from 25 to 50 percent of the available jobs.

More recent studies confirm for the nation what the Duncan Report found for Washington. Testifying before the Senate Subcommittee on National Penitentiaries in May, Herbert S. Miller of Georgetown University's Institute of Criminal Law and Procedure outlined the results of a one-year study of arrest records and job applications he has done for the US Department of Labor. Of the government personnel offices contacted, Miller found that 26 of the 46 states, 94 of the 170 counties, and 172 of the 224 cities ask questions relating to arrest records on job forms.

COMING: The government as slumlord – a report on federal housing by Ken Hartnett

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When only the conviction record is requested, Miller said, the criminal record sheet obtained from the local police or FBI frequently includes arrest records where there has been no conviction. In some places, the criminal record can be obtained by walking into the police station and asking for a copy for one dollar. This takes on added significance when it is considered that in 1969 alone, one-fourth of the nearly six million arrests recorded resulted in no conviction.

Miller asked the Senate subcommittee for action on the federal level. On the same day as the Court of Appeals ruling, chairman Quentin Burdick (D) of North Dakota responded with the Offender Rehabilitation Act. Burdick's bill, S 2732, not only would allow the arrested person who was never convicted to have all his police records expunged, it would also apply to one-time offenders of nonviolent crimes. After a three- or five-year waiting period, depending on the crime, the offender could ask to have his complete record purged. He would then be protected from discrimination in employment, bonding and licensing. The bill would also restore certain civil rights, including the vote, service on juries, and the privilege of testifying in a civil case without impeachment. The bill does have its faults: It does nothing for the ex-offender in the very difficult period immediately following release. As a federal law, it would not apply to the states which have no similar laws. Finally, in the case of arrest records, it does not get to the root of the problem – prohibiting employers from asking questions about arrest without obtaining information on the outcome of the case; nor does it prohibit the police or FBI from divulging arrest records. Nevertheless, Burdick's bill is a major step forward in preventing what one writer has called "multiple social jeopardy" – the continuing social costs incurred by those who have been involved with the law, even if they are not convicted or have paid their debt to society.

Robert Cassidy

"I'm Black, I'm a Woman, I'm Unique"

On the Chisholm Campaign Trail

by Paul R. Wieck

"Well, heavens, one of the outstanding black politicians in America today happens to be a woman," said Shirley Chisholm of Shirley Chisholm a few days ago on "Face the Nation." And, as if you didn't know it, she'll tell you that as the first black woman in the House of Representatives she is "the highest elected black woman official," not to mention "Democratic National Committeewoman from the state of New York." *And* she's running for President. Hers won't be a candidacy anybody will ignore because Shirley Chisholm will be around, speaking of herself in the third person, reminding black and white Democrats that she is a political force whether they like it or not. "You'll hear from Shirley Chisholm in Miami next July," she told participants in a Black Caucus strategy session in Washington Nov. 17 after the meeting's planners had excluded her from a discussion of black political strategies for 1972. She's also independent.

One of the first question a white newswoman tossed at Rep. Shirley Chisholm was "why" she backed Sen. Harold E. Hughes, (D, Ia.) for the top credentials committee post over Patricia Harris, like Rep. Chisholm a black woman of noted accomplishments. Weren't she and Mrs. Harris friends? Rep. Chisholm smiled back, assured her interrogator they were friends and then launched into an explanation that drew nods of approval from a group made up largely of white, middle-class, middle-aged women, most of them reporters on hand to test their skills with the only woman who has ever seriously considered running for the top honor her party can confer. "We were looking at a broad principle that had nothing to do with color," Rep. Chisholm said emphatically. Party reform is very important to people of her race; therefore, the black leadership "rallied around Hughes because he was so committed by deeds, not words, and we had to have a person who would fight all the way." Judging by the reaction, it was as if, with a few words, she had put

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out the "Welcome" mat after several seasons of black separatism, black power-bloc building, black rhetoric.

It is also a typical Chisholm remark. For "Shirley," as she calls herself, is seldom, if ever, taken in by strategies which don't fit the broad scheme of things, as she sees it. Her candidacy is an example. In 1972, her mission is to build a grass-roots organization of women, young people, blacks, Puerto Ricans, all of whom have been excluded from the nominating process in the white male atmosphere which has permeated every convention in the history of her party.

That kind of independence is a life-long habit of the proud, 98-pound lady who represents Bedford-Stuyvesant in Congress. Her rise in politics, from precinct captain to Congress, is the story of a tough, determined woman struggling against an organization that didn't want her. She had to go it alone each time and she's prepared to do it again. Any time.

But she may not have to. Today, her aides claim the support of up to eight of the 13 members of the Black Caucus in the House, and black political leaders in a number of states are signing on. So are women – members of the Women's National Political Caucus (WNPC) of all races in a number of states. Plus more than a few Puerto Ricans, students and a few left out in the cold when the candidate of their choice had to drop out of the race. By the time she makes a formal announcement (she's aiming at Jan. 3), Mrs. Chisholm should have an organization in at least three of the four major primaries she's decided to enter – Florida, North Carolina and California. The fourth is Wisconsin. In addition, she's looking at primaries in Maryland, Tennessee, Nebraska, Oregon, New Mexico and the District of Columbia. Her name will be automatically entered in some of these once she formally announces.

No one is quite sure what impact she will have. It depends a great deal on how the other candidates develop their issues, how many leaders of the groups she has staked out as her constituency rally to her side, how much money she raises. Her initial goal was $250,000 and she appears well on the way to raising at least that. Enough has already come in to enable her to lease a three-room suite at the Dodge House, an old hotel near the Capitol in Washington, DC, as her campaign headquarters.

The major Democratic presidential candidates who were trying to frame the issues as Mrs. Chisholm does, in terms of a new people-oriented, neo-populism, have dropped out, specifically Hughes and Harris. Both had great appeal to her and their decisions to quit the race have strengthened her determination to make a fight of it. To set the stage for her campaign, she is releasing three position papers this month – on foreign policy, economic policy and education, her own specialty (she was a third-grade teacher and also a director of child-care centers before devoting full time to politics).

The way she handled the paper on economics is of interest. Since she's black, Mrs. Chisholm first thought of a paper on civil rights; however, she discarded the idea because she's convinced that, in 1972, civil rights is part of a much broader economic problem to which she wanted to address herself. Her reasoning: we now have legislation covering almost every area of civil rights; if it hasn't done the job it's because the laws on the books either aren't being enforced, *or* don't take into account the class struggle. She's convinced lower-class whites are ridden with "economic fears," that they must be assured blacks aren't trying to drive them out of the job market. How to do that? Direct their attention to the "commonality of interest" in the working-class struggle for economic advancement for freeing the country from the "stranglehold" corporations have on the economy.

Her views on foreign aid parallel this concern with class. To Rep. Chisholm's way of thinking, too much of our money has been poured into the developed countries of the Western world or used to bolster undemocratic governments (she names Greece, Spain and South Vietnam). She wants a redistribution of foreign aid with an emphasis on helping underdeveloped countries of the "Third World" in Africa, Asia and Latin America. She uses one word to describe much of this country's activity abroad, including a big share of its foreign aid: "hypocrisy."

Not everyone cheered when Rep. Chisholm started making presidential noises about six months ago; indeed, black male politicians went on devising a strategy of their own and scheduled a meeting in Chicago last fall to discuss it. Rep. Chisholm didn't go (she had a previous speaking engagement before a Presbyterian women's convention in New Mexico), but she sent her young, black, male administrative assistant – Thad Garrett. He carried the message to the conference that "Shirley's going to run"; a message he confesses wasn't too popular with some of the men. Some of them wanted to try it themselves, and there were complaints that she didn't plan to run as "solely a black candidate." The men had the idea that such a campaign should be an exercise in black voting power, a concept Chisholm has discarded in favor of her coalition of people "who have never had any input into the nominating procedure." That includes more than blacks.

Garrett scoffs at the idea that she isn't "black first." He's been spending some of his time huddling with such black leaders as Mayor Carl Stokes of Cleveland, himself proposed as a candidate some weeks back by Rep. John Conyers (D, Mich.). Stokes assured Garrett he doesn't plan to run; indeed, the failure of his black bloc strategy in the recent Cleveland mayoral election only serves to lend credence to Rep. Chisholm's alternative – a coalition of

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all those left out of the decision-making process.

Another who has chosen to ignore her plans is Democratic National Chairman Larry O'Brien. He hasn't seen fit to include Mrs. Chisholm in some of his candidate sessions and didn't include her on the speaking program of the Democratic National Committee last fall (the luncheon speakers included such white male candidates as Muskie, McGovern, Harris and Jackson). She refuses to discuss this in public. In answer to a direct question, she says: "I do not care whether Mr. O'Brien or anyone else invited me to these dinners. I think a lot of them are laughing at my candidacy." (Shirley Chisholm isn't without a sense of humor. When her friend and fellow New York congressman, Ed Koch, heard of her presidential plans he asked if she might be willing to consider him as her running mate. "Alas, no." she replied. "The time has not yet come for a Jewish vice president.")

Elsewhere, Mrs. Chisholm's candidacy is attracting attention. She has already been signed up for two of the three major interview programs ("Issues and Answers" as well as "Face the Nation") and is getting considerable press around the country. Much too Mrs. Chisholm's surprise, some of her strongest support is coming from the South, where she's planning to make two major bids – in Florida and North Carolina.

North Carolina looks particularly promising for a combination of reasons. Blacks constitute close to 30 percent of the vote in that state, and she has such friends as Mayor Howard Lee of Chapel Hill and State Rep. Henry Frye of Greensboro, both black. Furthermore, McGovern's managers don't seem overly interested in North Carolina, thus raising the possibility Mrs. Chisholm will have the party's left to herself in that primary. An early foray into the state to speak to the Democratic Women's Federation was scored a resounding success and Mrs. Chisholm made such friends as Jane Patterson, a young white woman from Greensboro. Mrs. Patterson was the coordinator of the convention and just could end up helping out her guest speaker.

Besides the heavy black vote, North Carolina has large concentrations of students of liberal persuasion at the University of North Carolina (Chapel Hill) and Duke University (Durham), plus smaller blocs at a number of good liberal arts colleges and the Young Democrats and women who aren't inclined to follow the lead of the party elders. North Carolina, in early May of 1972, could be ready-made for Shirley Chisholm, particularly if her opposition is limited to Muskie and Jackson. And since the top three candidates will get delegates from North Carolina, her chances of picking some up are good there.

She's also considering the District of Columbia primary, where Rep. Walter Fauntroy is friendly toward her candidacy; and Maryland, where Rep. Parren Mitchell (D) of Baltimore is making friendly noises. Both have large numbers of black voters.

In the end, she could have the biggest impact in vote-heavy California, where her managers are hoping Rep. Ron Dellums (D) of Berkeley will lend a hand, possibly put his name at the top of her slate. Three years ago, the late Sen. Robert Kennedy won that primary by consolidating the black and brown vote, both big in a Democratic primary. If Mrs. Chisholm did that in a field split between four or five candidates, she might not win but she could certainly cripple some other contenders.

One of her secret weapons on the stump is a fluent command of Spanish, which she has used to good advantage in her home district (it's 25 to 30 percent Puerto Rican) and could probably use to good advantage in the vote-heavy districts of East Los Angeles and among the farm workers in the San Joaquin Valley. It's also apt to get her at least a few delegates out of New York City.

Unlike some of her opponents, she isn't going after endorsements, and for good reason. For instance, the Black Caucus in the House was organized to provide a solid front on legislative matters affecting black persons but not to endorse presidential candidates. To force the issue there would be a mistake and, according to aides, Mrs. Chisholm is too proud for that kind of thing anyway. The same is true of the National Women's Political Caucus. Mrs. Chisholm helped organize it to promote greater participation by women in both political parties but she doesn't expect its endorsement although many members, both black and white, will play significant roles in her campaign.

There is one thing that bothers Mrs. Chisholm's managers. She is a victim of the "Maggie Smith syndrome." That means she won't leave town from Monday through Thursday because she might miss a vote on some matter of importance to her constituents. It limits campaigning to weekends and holidays. Right now, that's not so bad because the holiday season gives her the time to spend a week each in California and Florida, and she has already committed the Lincoln's Birthday recess in February to North Carolina. Meanwhile, shorter trips to Missouri, New Jersey, Illinois and Maryland are planned.

Despite her strict attendance to congressional duties, Mrs. Chisholm responded to a question on Congress with two words: "Senility reigns." Congress, she says, "does not have the respect it once had." It's "out there" she sees things happening, and for that reason she dares to "challenge the system," a system she claims is controlled by the military-industrial complex and, therefore, can't be "responsive to the American people," a system under the grip of "corporate and banking interests." She adds up her assets quickly. "I'm black. I'm a woman. I speak Spanish fluently. I have a good relationship with youth." All of which causes her to say, without hesitation, "I'm unique."

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CHINA

The Struggle for Power

by Allen S. Whiting

The fall of Lin Piao, deputy chairman of the Chinese Communist Party and Minister of Defense, ends once and for all the question: who will succeed Mao Tse-tung? The answer is "nobody." Whoever may head the People's Republic of China, with whatever title, he will not be the duly anointed, fully deputized successor to the Chairman with all that implies in legitimizing his lineage. Regime spokesmen, having vilified Mao's first choice of 20 years' standing, Liu Shao-ch'i, as one who attempted to "restore capitalism" behind the Chairman's back, are now claiming that Mao's "closest comrade in arms" since 1965, Lin Piao, plotted to assassinate the Great Helmsman. Even should Mao make a third try in his last few years to name his successor, the unlucky designee is certain to receive short shrift at the hands of others in the post-Mao struggle for power.

That struggle has been long under way, ironically enough both with and without Mao's blessing. The casualty list is long of powerful men who consolidated their grip on important levers of advancement, only to fall in the succession of attack and counter-attack which has marked Chinese politics since 1965. Aside from Liu Shao-ch'i, chief of state, the former "top handful in power" toppled in the Cultural Revolution included P'eng Chen, mayor of Peking; Teng Hsiao-p'ing, secretary general of the Chinese Communist Party; and T'ao Chu, regional head of South China. Nor has military ascendancy any assurance of survival. Chief of Staff Lo Jui-ch'ing fell in 1965, his "acting" successor in 1968, and from all indicators the incumbent, Huang Yung-sheng, has disappeared together with his associates, the heads of the air force and navy.

If all this has been by Mao's design, then surely Lady Macbeth deserves quotation, "Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?" But regime protestations to the contrary, Mao cannot be so weak in human judgment, so innocent of political machinations played out over months and years, and so impotent to move against "traitors" except *in extremis*. And yet these are precisely the implications of Peking's charges against Mao's chosen successors and most intimate colleagues. Even his chief scribe, ideologue and presumed ghostwriter, Ch'en Po-ta, is alleged in 1971 to have spearheaded an "ultra-leftist conspiracy" in 1967, despite Ch'en's having been named to the prestigious and powerful five-man Standing Committee of the Politburo in 1969.

While the latest political casualties include Lin Piao and his supporters in the People's Liberation Army (PLA), certainly the most serious casualty in terms of credibility is the image of Mao Tse-tung. Whatever may have been the mixture of belief and behavioralism that made his name and quotations ubiquitous throughout the country, it will be difficult for thoughtful Chinese to swallow the charge that both Liu and Lin plotted to betray the venerable leader. They will see Mao either as a fool for choosing such men to succeed him, or as a knave for abusing their integrity and insulting the intelligence of the Chinese people by permitting such accusations to accompany their ouster. These obviously will not be the public responses for visiting journalists and travelers, but they are likely reactions among Chinese whose wisdom and sophistication about domestic politics stem from decades of dependency on such skills for personal survival.

Beyond the "who-whom" speculation of various observers, spiced in best Alan Drury manner by the mysterious Chinese plane crash in Mongolia (on which extensive theories are built despite a total lack of physical evidence), a few fundamental observations are in order concerning "the military" about whom so much is alleged and so little is known. A handful of American scholars have diligently mined mountains of Chinese publications and molehills of biographic data to produce articles and monographs of considerable insight, beginning with the works of Alice Langley Hsieh and Ralph L. Powell and culminating in the long-awaited books by William W. Whitson (scheduled for March 1972). Abroad, John Gittings and Ellis Joffe also concentrate on the changing roles of the People's Liberation Army. But in the final analysis, scholarly research remains partial and belated so far as explaining why – and how – the entire Chinese air force should be grounded for more than a month, coincident with the cancellation of the traditional October 1 National Day mass parade. In its place, we must fall back on logical inference and hope our speculation has some accord with reality.

This is not the first time the Chinese air force has been involved in politics. In July 1967 the key communications juncture of Wuhan came under siege when the local PLA commander resisted extremist

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Red Guards, thereby incurring the wrath of Peking. Armed struggle between contending factions stopped all traffic across the railroad bridge spanning the Yangtze River. Suddenly the air force intervened with airdrops of paratroopers and pamphlets calling upon the insurgents to "obey Chairman Mao." Eventually resistance crumbled in the face of incipient civil war which threatened to pit the East China Sea Fleet, whose gunboats steamed upriver to replay the imperialists' game, together with the air force, against recalcitrant ground units.

Other cities, most notably Canton and Chungking, found the air force supporting the radical center in Peking against conservative regional army commanders. The succession of confrontations revealed how meaningless were such terms as "the military" or "the army" in categorizing political attitudes in China. Equally misleading, however, was the revival of "warlord" terminology. If we avoid such semantic shorthand, we can better understand the differing PLA lines of loyalty and responsiveness as an amalgam of individual and institutional affiliations, with certain systemic differences between services which predispose them to play different political roles.

To take the systemic differences first, since they are fundamental in determining military service responses to politics, the Chinese army is extremely sensitive to peasant attitudes because of its mass base for recruitment, its heavy involvement in work projects throughout the countryside, particularly irrigation and flood control, and its total immersion in the daily life of the villages through ground transportation, residential proximity, and dependence on local products, especially food. As a secret PLA journal revealed, samples of soldier morale in 1961 showed marked depression resulting from the deprivation in rural areas, which followed Mao's disastrous "Great Leap Forward," three years of natural disasters, and the withdrawal of Soviet technical assistance. Letters from home and actual leave disaffected the troops, some of whom refused army rations while the peasants were suffering from malnutrition and in many areas were reduced to eating barks and roots. In the last analysis, army commanders face the responsiblity of putting down local discontent, as in the province of Honani, which required martial rule for most of 1961 to protect cadres and granaries from peasant attack.

By contrast the air force is a relatively small elite force, drawing from more highly educated, urban sectors to man its complicated ground command and control equipment, to maintain and fly its modern jet aircraft, and to meet instant demands posed by the omnipresent air threat along the Taiwan Strait. It is insulated from the countryside, both in daily life and in its means of transport. Air force personnel spend less time in mass labor projects and live in remote, high-security bases. Moreover, the empyrean heights of jet travel shrink terraces and paddies into lines and dots, with the human quotient lost to perception.

In addition to these differences with respect to peasant attitudes, the two services vary in their degree of local identification. China's four field armies have stayed in their original locations consequent from the civil war, with little inter-regional movement over the past 20 years. Commanders at various levels have acquired an appreciation of local conditions, which vary considerably from province to province, even more from region to region. Whatever the central policy that might emerge from Peking, if it is not sufficiently flexible to permit local adaptation it will not be implemented evenly throughout China. By contrast, the air force has a higher degree of interregional interprovincial mobility. During 1964-5, for instance, high performance units shifted from the east and central areas to the south, protecting against escalation from the Vietnam War. Other shifts followed the Soviet buildup in 1968-9.

As a final factor, China's ground forces depend on the center for the basic allocation of manpower and money but otherwise have no short-run need for Peking's service. In effect, the army exchanges its labor for local produce. It has not had a basic reequipping since the mid-fifties. The air force, however, is critically dependent on the center for fuel and spare parts. Its functioning requires a national communications network both to control internal traffic and to monitor external threats. Combat performance places a premium on research and development of all-weather fighters, air-to-air missiles, and electronic systems, which can only come from a highly centralized system capable of reallocating resources from widely separated points over long periods of time.

The cumulative effect of these differences can be summarized briefly: ground commanders tend to be conservative toward policy developments which are opposed by the peasants, and they are more responsive to local conditions than to central authority. The air force, on the other hand, is far removed from peasant sensitivity, and its interests appear threatened by dispersion of authority from the center. All armed units, ground and air, recognize overriding priorities of external threat. They quickly unite to crises on China's borders, whether from Russian, Indian, or US-Chinese Nationalist sources. Short of this national emergency, however, divergences derive logically from the strikingly different origins, environments, and interests of the two services.

Thus in addition to whatever personal predilection Air Force Commander Wu Fa-hsien displayed for emulating Lin Piao's politics and striking a radical Maoist posture, his command structure was far more responsive to the Minister of Defense than were the various levels of army command. If, as appears probable, Lin Piao planned a power play involving military support, the air force was his most likely ally, in addition

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to those whose rise through the ranks has come from personal association with Lin or acceptance of his side in the Cultural Revolution turmoil.

Unlike 1967, however, this is not a time of armed struggle or tense confrontation throughout urban centers. On the contrary, most of China has been enjoying one of the more prosperous, relaxed, and productive years in the past decade. The only big event scheduled for this fall was the National People's Congress, long overdue in legitimizing new state officials to fill the actual or titular vacancies, including the chief of state and minister of foreign affairs. In addition, the Congress was to approve a new constitution which, among other things, named Lin Piao explicitly as Mao's successor.

Under these circumstances a political coup, rather than a military putsch, might have expanded Lin's formal authority beyond that of deputy chairman of the party and defense minister. By mass acclamation, he might have picked up new posts and powers he saw as desirable to assure his ascendance in the ultimate eventuality of Mao's demise. Packing the hall for a fait accompli is not new in Communist circles. Mao himself did it in August 1966, when he steamrollered his "Sixteen Points" through an "expanded" Central Committee meeting that included Red Guards, alternates, and various provincial types necessary to overwhelm the leadership of Liu Shao-ch'i and Teng Hsiao-p'ing. Earlier, Khrushchev, in 1957, ousted Molotov, Malenkov, and Kaganovich by flying 300 Central Committee members overnight into Moscow, thereby reversing the previous day's Politburo majority decision against him.

Pivotal in this presumed plan was the chief of staff, Huang Yung-sheng. Despite all advance outside prognoses to the contrary, he appears to have fallen in with Lin Piao and air force commander Wu. However, pressures and politics at the center can change perceptions. Thus while the Chinese air force remained grounded well over a month, no major army units went on alert and no signs of confrontation or special military control appeared anywhere, including the sensitive Peking area. Chief of staff Huang's choice was not emulated by regional and lower levels.

In short, Lin Piao could command some but not all of the military system. This was reflected earlier in the delayed, hard-fought decisions to appoint chairmen of revolutionary committees where the choice either accorded political control to commanders who had resisted radical Red Guards, or replaced them with careerists hoping to make it with the Mao-Lin line. With good reason, Lin Piao could worry about some of these appointments resisting his rule after Mao's death. They, in turn, saw no hope for the more utopian aspects of Mao's vision, which presumably Lin was pledged to carry out.

Lin's prospects worsened over the past year as "ultra-leftists" took the brunt of Peking's propaganda, steadily narrowing the base of support Lin could count on within the party and other civilian agencies. Most ominous, perhaps, was the fall of Ch'en Po-ta, father of the "commune" concept which enjoyed a short-lived acclaim in January 1967, ostensibly initiated in Shanghai as the model for all administrative organs in China. With the squeeze clearly on and recalling Malenkov's inability to trade on Stalin's will after the Soviet dictator's death, Lin appears to have reached for greater legitimization and power simultaneous with convening of a mass assembly in Peking, prior to or coincident with the National Day celebration. Against Lin, however, stood a formidable coalition comprised of the ministers who had returned to bureaucratic office after the Red Guard rampages, military commanders in the provinces who opposed his ascendancy, and resuscitated party officials who genuinely believe "the party should command the gun." At the head of this coalition was a powerful duumvirate: Premier Chou En-lai, the toughest infighter and most recently renowned for repeated rearguard action against radical militants in the Cultural Revolution, and Yeh Chien-ying, spokesman for the "professional" People's Liberation Army viewpoint in the 1950s. Moving skillfully and swiftly, they appear to have preempted Lin's plan, accepting as necessary but acceptable costs, the public embarrassment from canceling the October 1 ceremonies and the international gossip from grounding the air force.

Both Yeh and Chou have identified themselves fully with the US detente, the PLA representative sitting through both Kissinger visits with the Premier. There is little reason and even less evidence to suggest that foreign policy was at issue, and no logic could explain a credible choice by Lin Piao of an anti-US position which would necessarily imply a pro-Soviet posture. Foreign policy can become a whipping-boy in political confrontation, but since 1966 the main political struggle in China has turned around basic domestic issues.

Nor is the struggle over. Despite the clear ascendancy of Chou En-lai, those who nourished the most radical Red Guards – Chiang Ching (Madame Mao), Chang Chun-chiao, and Yao Wen-yuan – remain prominent in Politburo listings. Mao himself continues to haunt the scene. The Party is far from the force it was before the Cultural Revolution, while the People's Liberation Army has been shaken by a purge at the top which may extend far beyond the shake-ups that accompanied the fall of P'eng Tah-huai and Lo Jui-ch'ing.

Meanwhile the society manages well enough, thanks to its decentralized, agrarian base and its familiarity with political anomalies. Happily President Nixon is not choosing to "let the dust settle" before journeying to Peking, since political pollution is certain to cloud the Chinese air for some time to come.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Sticks and Bones

(Anspacher)

Mary Stuart

(Beaumont)

David Rabe, who made his playwriting debut last year, now has two plays running in New York – both at the Public Theater, both directed by another comparative newcomer, Jeff Bleckner. *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, produced last spring, seemed to me a relatively conventional unconventional play, concerning another latter-day Woyzeck trapped in a militaristic society, like Toller's *Bloody Laughter*, Green's *Johnny Johnson*, Brecht's *Schweik in the Second World War*, with the touches of expressionist fantasy that such works often have. Rabe strained for quirk and originality, as in the hero's name and some of his characteristics, but fundamentally it was a repetitious work: another sincere anti-war play which proved that sincerity is not enough.

Bleckner's work was more impressive. He cast the play acutely, directed many of the many brief scenes with surgical delicacy, and made all of it move fluently across the stage.

Now comes *Sticks and Bones*, reportedly written earlier – which is a bit disturbing because it's a considerably more interesting play. A Vietnam veteran comes home to his average family: mother, father, guitar-playing younger brother. There's joy when they hear that he's coming, but when he arrives, he's blind. His presence soon becomes an accusation – and a not so silent one – that gradually disturbs and agonizes their lives.

The mode of the play, the best of it, is pop art. Dad and Mom are called Ozzie and Harriet, the boys are David and Rick, which places the play at once under a radio-TV magnifying glass. Much of the dialogue is hi-mom-hi-dad-how-about-a-piece-of-nice-chocolate-cake?, whirling about the blinded veteran intensely, almost insanely, and the effect is of trivia swollen into threat, like Claes Oldenburg's gigantic hamburgers and light-switches. When the play works this vein, it has some frightening moments, spotlighting the frenzy with which coziness is defended.

But unfortunately it also has a river of rhetoric running through it. The soldier's accounts of Vietnam horror, his memories of his Vietnam girl, are all college-dormitory purple of a kind not even to be found much in dormitories nowadays. The father's arias about his young days as a runner are faded Tennessee Williams. And the device of the phantom Vietnamese girl, who wanders through the house unseen by any but the vet, is one more use of what's been an unfruitful cliché ever since *The Return of Peter Grimm* (1911).

When the dialogue is deliberately corny, it's appropriately grotesque. When it tries to be "fine," it's corny.

There are other troubles. A string of ironies runs through the play, each of them trite: the blind man is the one who can really see, the "healthy" people are really sick, the priest is really un-Christian, the Vietnamese girl, maligned as a whore, is really pure; and so on.

These defects point to the basic shortcoming: Rabe's vision is insufficient. As in *Pavlo Hummel*, he has seen little that every member of the audience hasn't seen for himself. In *Sticks and Bones* many of his theatrical devices are striking, but the gravamen of the play is quite familiar, imaginatively and cognitively: the frantic self-defenses, the deliberate myopia, of comfy middle-class morality.

Still Rabe is worth hoping about. If he can develop a *merde*-detector for his dialogue and if his perceptions grow to match his sympathies, he can be a valuable playwright. There's good reason to encourage the man who devised the last scene of this play, in which Mom and Dad and Rick, in their living-room around the TV, chatting away, bring the blind David a razor and basin and encourage him to cut his wrists, complimenting him lovingly on the way he does it. But at present Rabe generally has more skill in the way that he says things than perception in what he has to say.

Bleckner's direction again shows an exceptional eye for movement, a good ear for phrasing, a feeling for development and texture. But I disliked his use of the harp for "bridge" music. The sound was wrong. Why not an electric organ – to fit the soap-opera satire? And I disagree with two of his casting choices. David Selby, the blind soldier, has a very limited voice, which only emphasizes the fact that he is burdened with the worst lines. Tom Aldredge, the father, is simply swamped by a large part. Aldredge has been adequate in smaller roles; here he almost turns himself inside out trying to supply the resources of technique and person that his part requires.

But Elizabeth Wilson, the mother (known to millions as Benjamin's mother in *The Graduate*), is excellent – a comedienne who knows how to use comic techniques for more than comedy.

Lately in these pages I've been attacking Jules Irving's management of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater in New York, and I may be suspected of

(Continued on page 36)

Films Worth Seeing

Carnal Knowledge. Mike Nichols has invested a lot of good direction, and Jack Nicholson some good acting, in Jules Feiffer's two-dimensional script about tail-chasing US males.

Desperate Characters. Best film on this list. Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars as a contemporary liberal bourgeois – therefore beleaguered – couple. Frank D. Gilroy wrote and directed. Don't miss.

The French Connection. Whammo. A thriller that really thrills – about drugs in Marseilles and New York. Topnotch cast, jet-line direction by William Friedkin.

The Go-Between. 1900 England is lovely to look at. Script is portentous but vacuous. Good performances, though, from all except Julie Christie. Joseph Losey directed well, for a change.

Sunday Bloody Sunday. Glenda Jackson's performance and Penelope Gilliatt's dialogue make this enjoyable. But John Schlesinger's direction is far below *Midnight Cowboy*, and this tale of a hetero-homo triangle is much manner and little matter.

SK

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He Wuz Robbed

A Personal Record: The Labour Government 1964-1970 by Harold Wilson

(Atlantic-Little, Brown; $15.00)

Harold Wilson was Britain's Prime Minister from October 16, 1964 to June 19, 1970. He lived through those five-and-a-half years at a breathless pace and he has now written his own story of them in a similarly panting fashion. The result is a quite exceptional political memoir. There has always been something of the journalist *manqué* about Mr. Wilson, and his book, for all its 800-page length, is a first class piece of personal reporting. Included in it are none of the ponderous *longeurs* that most eminent politicians (whether they have been Presidents or Prime Ministers) find obligatory. Instead of the normal marble monument we are presented with a remarkably vivid piece of self-caricature. What we see is a small boy in a signal box, thrilled by all the levers in front of him and not above now and again pulling one of them just for the hell of it.

Mr. Wilson adored being Prime Minister and not the least achievement of his book is the way in which he manages to communicate his own sense of enjoyment to the reader. Who could miss, for example, the obvious air of excitement with which he describes the arrangements made for his first Scilly Isles summer holiday away from Downing Street? "A scrambler telephone had been installed in my bungalow, but since telephone communications with the mainland depended on an open radio link, this was anything but secure. An office had been set up in the Customs House, with an unbreakable teleprinter line with No. 10. If I had to speak in general terms with the White House, facilities were available; a more secret talk would mean a helicopter journey to RNAS Culdrose."

Was he, though, really being Prime Minister or just playing at it? There is no more striking contrast in the book than that between the wealth of administrative detail and the dearth of serious political discussion. What was the Labour government trying to do? What were its priorities? What did its leader see as his supreme aims? We never learn. Instead we get a single give-away sentence that perhaps tells us all we need to know. Mr. Wilson is recalling a visit he paid to General de Gaulle in 1967. "I asked him how he spent his time. Well, he walked in the woods and thought deeply. I said that I liked to walk but not to think about public affairs – hence my preoccupation with golf." The really serious charge against Mr. Wilson has always been that he is interested only in office, not in power. On the evidence of his own admission, that charge must now be taken as proved.

But then, to judge from his own narrative, Mr. Wilson has never had any higher aspiration than to be thought of as a political acrobat – a man who, as it were, spent nearly six years on the high wire and never lost his balance. Recurring sterling crises, crippling strikes, unrest in his own party over Biafra and Vietnam – lesser men might have fallen but not Blondin Harold. Only at the very end was he toppled and that was because someone had fiddled with the guy ropes. Why did the country turn away from him in the

The Mother's Breast and the Father's House

Lectures lectures cometh two lectures

LECTURE ONE

Here we are on this planet
(folks)
Life is too long
It needs sleep to fill in
And sex and money and birthdays
And most of all faith

To achieve faith one must suffer for decades
And to suffer one must get up early in the morning and
raise a family and go to work
Suffering is middle class
It was invented by Benjamin Franklin
It begins with the search for a loaf of bread and ends
with funeral expenses
It is composed of ten parts body
and five parts bank account
It is caused by God
Being part of His clumsy plan to extract positive charges
from His creation in anticipation of something
better

He gave the thing over to Franklin when Job failed Him
And now the wives are in charge

Wives suffer first since marriage is designed to route
the pain slowly through the female to the male
and then to the children and the dog
Wives suffer in childbirth in giving suck in cooking
feeding cleaning screaming hating and washing
dishes
And then they cry so that the husband buys another car and
a larger house and floats an eight percent loan and
thinks of salt flats
So that the older children who are watching and listening
and hating make up their minds that they are not

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election last year? Mr. Wilson's answer is slick and pat: The Conservatives had not been above stooping to conquer. "They gave the impression that they could stop the rise in the cost-of-living – well, now we shall see whether they can or not."

Most of Mr. Wilson's British reviewers insisted on describing his book as an exercise in self-justification. I prefer the term self-exculpation: for the thread that runs through it is not that everything he did was right but rather that, whatever he did, nothing was ever his own fault. The economy would be just about to make a break-through, and then, hey presto, there would be a seamen's strike; Ian Smith of Rhodesia would be on the point of seeing sense, and then, without warning, he would buckle before the reactionaries in his own government; electoral victory would be all but within sight, and then, blow me, the Conservatives would play dirty pool with the cost-of-living. The recurring refrain is "I wuz robbed."

Nowhere does this come through more clearly than in Mr. Wilson's discussion of the British government's role in in the Vietnam war. Here he plainly cannot point even to any preliminary success, but that in no way inhibits him from proclaiming that, if only he had not been let down, he would have pulled off (in a phrase said to have been used by Ambassador Bruce) "the biggest diplomatic coup of the century."

The reference, of course, is to the Kosygin visit to London in February 1967, after which Mr. Wilson announced (much to President Johnson's irritation) that "peace was almost within our grasp." But, alas, the story as Mr. Wilson now tells it, turns out to be a classic parable of his capacity for self-delusion. He had been, he somewhat portentously reveals, in close touch with President Johnson in the weeks preceding Kosygin's arrival for his London talks. As a result of this contact, there was no doubt in his mind: "The President was now clearly and actively working for peace in Vietnam." Of course Mr. Wilson himself may genuinely have believed that, but unfortunately for his case the man he chooses to use as his chief supporting witness, Chet Cooper, sent over from Washington at the time to hold the Prime Minister's hand throughout the Kosygin talks has already gone on record with a diametrically opposite appraisal of the President's mood. According to Mr. Cooper in his book *The Lost Crusade:* "The administration, as of late 1966

going to live like *that*
And run off with their peers to suffer in city pads
Thereby spreading suffering momentarily beyond the confines of the middle class
But coming back soon broke and broken to suffer properly in the home

And all of this breeds faith in the home

Faith is despair spelled backwards
Despair is what distinguishes men from rocks
Which can sit in the sun and rain for ages and not be bothered
Rocks can grow more lichen than men can
Rocks don't flinch on the first of the month
Rocks don't drink too much or get put in hospitals or commute fifty miles to work monday through friday
Or weep at the horror of waking up

Rocks lead a nice quiet nonlife with no charlie horses or connubial bliss
Whereas men have to put up with approximately twenty thousand days of nearly continuous disaster

Which causes despair
And produces novels and doctors

And breeds (as I say) faith
Mostly in the middle aged
(poor saps)
How they hang on
They sit in the living room while the government robs them blind
They eat beef stroganoff while the one hundred biggest corporations devise a new way to cheapen their toilet paper
They go to the movies while their children make wax images of them and stick pins in them
And they pay pay until the wallet dies and the checkbook dies and they stare at the ceiling sleepless wondering whom they have forgotten to pay
leading to

LECTURE TWO

If you take an ordinary fly that is buzzing around your head
And kill him by whacking your head severely with a book
You have the germ of an illuminating lecture on the sadness of self
Another way is to take off your clothes at a party in order better to discuss
Human frailty
But do not
(folks)
Miss the point
You may be sad
But you are not frail

You are tough

Your seemingly small mind is in truth an enormous warehouse devoted to documenting and buttressing the persistence of you

Stuff with the dust of decades is in it

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Books faces tears fears
Loves hates games names
All in relation to
You

It is reported that a significant seventy-year-old alcoholic on Cape Cod
can recall every purchase of liquor he has made since
he was fourteen

Colors odors textures travel incredible distances with us
Even the weakest among us is a sort of god of preservings of
that which would be wholly trivial if it were not ours
Attics we are capable of crowding with worn memories of shoes
and hockey sticks
Pages and pages we shore up of ghostly banality

Which is why we lecturers are sometimes uneasy as we travel
the circuit patting sweet selves on the head
The selves on closer inspection turn out to be
gobble-ups

Yet at least there remains the inexhaustible fact of the self
It doesn't leave
Nor does it walk into the living room on a friday night and suffer
a cheap metamorphosis into an upper (or lower) class fruitfly
It persists
Its essence is that it persists

So (folks)
You whose self first got its notions of self in the bosom of a six-week
$4000 Xmas
Shouldn't imagine that you can now walk breezily incognito into a
dried fish commune
You may learn to live briefly in poverty in a hillock of hair
But you will not be able to destroy the country club because you still
have a locker
You may be able to avoid taking a job as stockbroker or advertising
copy writer
But you will not be able to maintain your moral edge longer than your
tennis figure

Life is long

And the longer it is the surer it is to take us back where we started
from
In the excessively neat house with the hedge and mortgage

We will not escape what we are praying to escape
Nor divest ourselves of the qualities in ourselves that we despise
And we might therefore have a go at a very long drunk or an even
longer death
If it were not that we would not then be the optimists that we are
And presumably will remain even if the feds double the income tax

For ours is the kingdom of the 10% joy the 15% satisfaction the 20%
love
That exists and will continue to exist beyond all misery

With the wisdom of necessity we
Will breathe
hang on
let be

And there is no lecture three

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and early 1967, was just not interested in negotiations to the extent necessary to prevent military actions from interfering with or even negating diplomatic initiatives."

It is no accident that Mr. Wilson still insists on seeing LBJ through such rose-colored spectacles, for if Mr. Wilson's own supine record on Vietnam is to be defended, then LBJ has to be presented as an earnest, constant searcher after peace. Any other assessment makes nonsense of all the British government's futile efforts to help arrange a Vietnam settlement – from the comic opera abortive Commonwealth Peace Mission to Hanoi right through to the final Marx Brothers dash with pieces of telex to Mr. Kosygin's suite in London's Claridge's hotel. The truth that Mr. Wilson cannot bring himself to face is that President Johnson's way of getting peace in Vietnam was, at least until the Tet offensive of 1968, to win the war. It is bad enough that Mr. Wilson should have thought that he was playing a constructive, influential role at the time; it is somehow worse that he should continue to cling to such a naive belief long after it has become apparent to everyone else that he was being strung.

But then the most troubling thing about this revealing book is its repeated underlining of just how far Mr. Wilson continues to live in a private dream world. Take, for instance, his effort in 1969 to reform Britain's labor union laws. It was not his fault it failed. To quote his own conversational comment of the time, "The cabinet turned yellow on me." It was, therefore, perfectly possible for him to present it as a bold bid, a gallant try that failed to come off. But for the purposes of his fame with posterity, Mr. Wilson will have none of that. An elaborate tale has to be told of how at the eleventh hour he snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat, or, to borrow the language of his own text, of how having been left "without a card in his hand" he ended up by "taking the ace."

It is sad in a way that Mr. Wilson should feel this compulsion to present himself as the one who always comes out on top. For if he were not so mesmerized by the skill of his own footwork, he might have had time to notice what was actually going on during the time that he was the Queen's First Minister. Although his government may have failed, Mr. Wilson is entitled to a good deal of the credit for the dramatic change over which he presided. During his tenure of office, after all, the British

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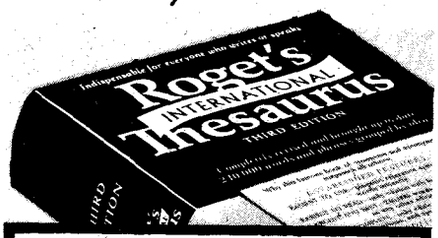

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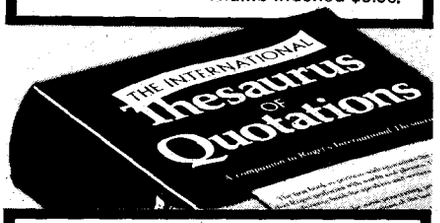

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people finally abandoned any imperial yearnings, turned aside from a Great Power role and began reluctantly to accept that there was no alternative for the future save accepting becoming just another European nation.

How, then, did this all happen, given Mr. Wilson's all-too-evident delusions of grandeur, while he was in charge? I fear the brutal answer is that, if he never learnt, then at least the rest of the country did. Perhaps more than anything else it was the increasing absurdity of his own posturings that persuaded public opinion to accept without too much rancour Britain's reduced status in the world. When a man announces that "Britain's frontier is on the Himalayas," when he predicts that a rebellious Rhodesian regime will be brought to heel "in a matter of weeks not months," when just after getting into office he calls in aid "the Dunkirk spirit to carry us through to success," he must not be surprised if his audience gradually ceases to be able to take either him or his pretensions very seriously.

That, in effect, is the story of Mr. Wilson's premiership, though understandably there is not a hint of it here. In the end it was his leadership, or lack of it, that brought the British people down to earth. Wittingly or not, he was responsible for what could have been a dangerous process of national adjustment becoming instead a piece of painless popular acquiescence. One day it will no doubt be recognized as a signal service. Probably only a Walter Mitty could have pulled it off.

Anthony Howard

Mister Tomorrow in Publishing

Up And Down And Around
by Cass Canfield

(Harper's Magazine Press; $8.95)

Occasion to use the word gentleman is rare these days but people habitually link it with Cass Canfield. The word is inadequate if not misleading and his recollections are here to prove it.

The *Harper's* that Cass Canfield came to in 1924 was a hundred years old and had nearly collapsed of poor management, but it had a fine backlist – Twain, Howells, Henry James, Zane Grey – so he bought in and went off to London after new authors. He found them and returned to guide the firm through nearly a half century of business and literary change and to see its yearly volume grow from two million to sixty million dollars. Foresight is how. Persistence is how. Many and protean are the qualities that made *Harper's* grow, but there is not a gentlemanly one among them.

All businesses must have changed a great deal since World War II but surely none more drastically than that of making books and getting them into the hands of readers. In 1950 when my acquaintance with it began, it was a sort of craft, like glass-blowing. There was a print shop and some people who decided what to print and how to interest readers in their decision, as well as some fellows who traveled around the countryside to notify those outposts of culture, the bookstores. It was a tidy world. The bookstore owner knew everyone in town who read books and what *she* was likely to buy. A publisher knew that if he published a first novel it would be reviewed prominently, that he would sell about 5000 copies and come close to breaking-even.

That's all changed. Most of the bookstores have closed or turned to greeting cards. Review space has shrunk. Once influential journals are no longer creditable or have disappeared. It is harder for a first novelist to get published, once-published to get reviewed, once-reviewed to get a part of the action.

The educational explosion has demolished Miss Pennypacker's Book Nook, turned textbooks into the publisher's

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mainstay, libraries and college bookstores into his ravenous outlets. Books themselves have changed their function. They are no longer an elite entertainment but the instrument of mass culture. Book clubs and paperbacks are their principal way of distribution and hardback publishing is their proving ground.

Literary success is more substantial for those who attain it. Bestsellers sell more. The purse is forever fattening. Think of it – half a million dollars advance for a novel that begins with the hero masturbating. What would Henry James have to say about *that*?

Paradoxically, success itself is harder for an author to attain and there is less middle ground for him to stand on. Fewer have more, and that is because the publisher recognizes it is profitable to concentrate his energies on a big book and to dismiss those with a narrow range of interest.

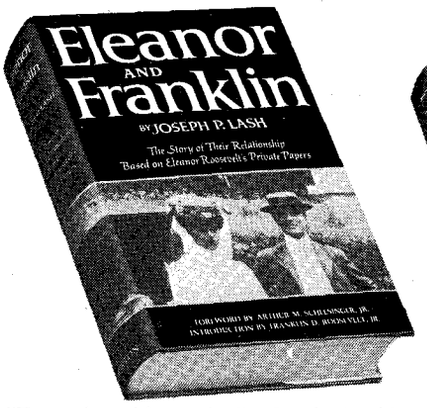
Enter the conglomerates; RCA to enclose Random House and Knopf, Time Inc. to gather in Little Brown, and *Harper's* itself to marry and proliferate with Row, Peterson and Cowles Publications, all to the immense profit of the publishers' shareholders and who knows what effects on the others concerned – editors, writers and readers. And the big money is only to usher in a technological revolution that, it is said, will soon make obsolete the book itself.

The remarkable part about Cass Canfield is that he has not only survived it all, half a dozen eras marked by the extinction of their dodos and whooping cranes, but has presided over it. Today, he is Mister Tomorrow. He is quick to point out (in explaining how a premature introduction of paperbacks failed) that he is not Mister Day-after-tomorrow, which is almost as bad as being Mister Yesterday.

One of the disarming features of *Up and Down and Around* is the author's willingness to share his trade secrets:

> ". . if a book has quality it is recognized rather quickly by the reading public . . . the most alert group in recognizing good new writing . . .the Jewish audience."
>
> "The public taste defies analysis. . . . When an editor chooses a book because he figures it will appeal to a large, popular audience he usually guesses wrong . . . what interests and amuses the mass book audience must be what amuses and interests him."

What makes a good publisher?



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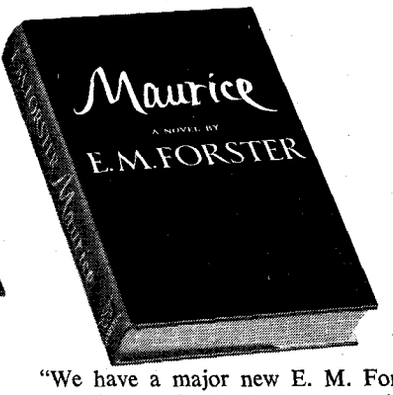

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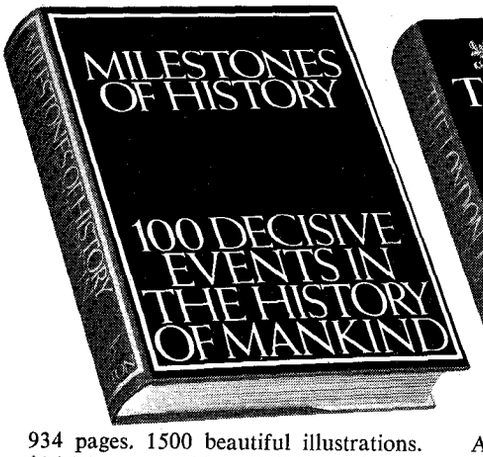

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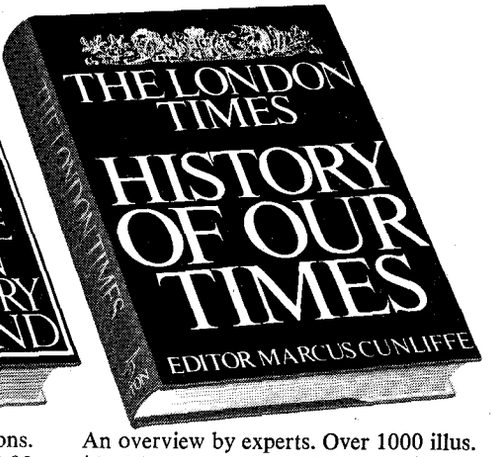

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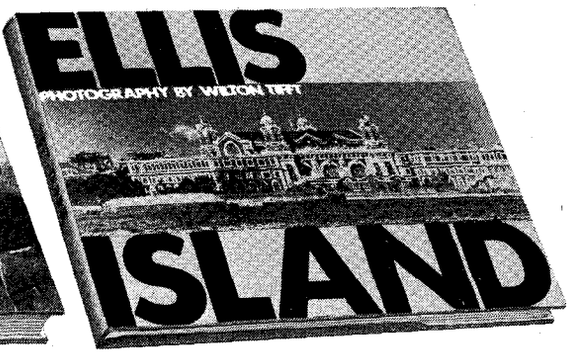

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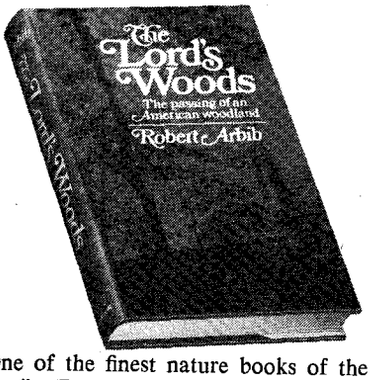

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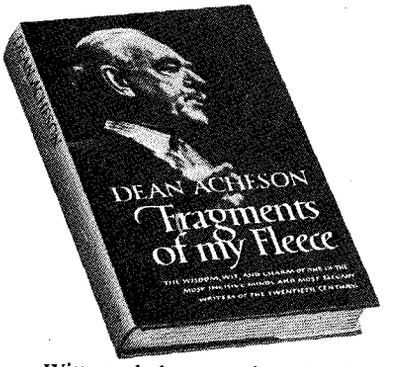

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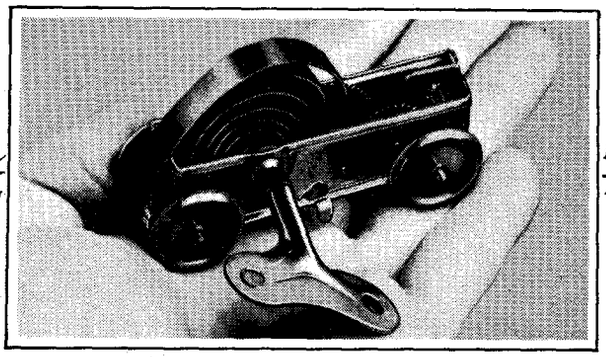

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The *Report* is edited by columnist Kevin Phillips, former Special Assistant to Attorney General Mitchell, and author of *The Emerging Republican Majority*, described by Newsweek as "the political bible of the Nixon era." Fortune magazine recently said that Phillips performed for Richard Nixon "the same dubious role that Machiavelli performed for Cesare Borgia."

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Of his own special qualifications: "a certain amount of business as well as editorial sense and an ability to deal with detail. Finally – a great advantage – due to my premature baldness I looked much older than my age . . . my likes and dislikes are those of the crowd. Like a Mack truck I keep moving at a maddeningly even pace."

Well, the rules are sound enough but the magician hasn't given away his big tricks or, for that matter, much of himself. He can give us only glimpses – the shy child born at the end of the last century into a rich, cosmopolitan family, the dutiful scholar at Groton, the dissipated clubman at Harvard, then an inquisitive Oxford student, next an adventurer off on a truly grand tour and a walk out of Burma into a Chinese bandit's den.

Back in New York, married and ready for seriousness he found selling bonds distasteful and, by a series of accidents, turned to publishing. Never any question but what the attraction was making money, making it in a way he liked to be sure, but no nonsense about loving books or print or any of *that*.

Anecdotes follow entertainingly, each involving well-known figures. There is a gallery of publishing chiefs, Cerf, Knopf, Gollancz, Henry Laughlin and so on, pointing up their special acumen and idiosyncracies. There is an array of famous authors and diplomats, F.D.R. and Eleanor Roosevelt, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Adlai Stevenson and Thornton Wilder, Louis Bromfield, Thurber and E. B. White. We see Cass Canfield as the literary hunter, a marksman so sure of his aim he will let us watch him miss now and again. We see him do the brave thing which breaks the feud over rights to publish Emily Dickinson and brings him *Bolts of Melody*, or the three-martini thing which brings him Priestley, and the headstrong thing which loses him Bernard Shaw. But they are glancing encounters, without involvement and we miss that moment of revelation

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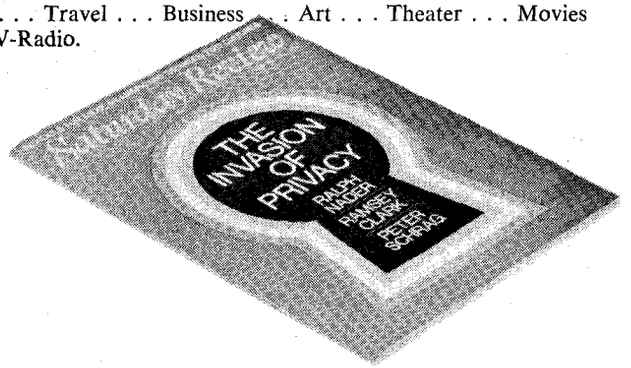

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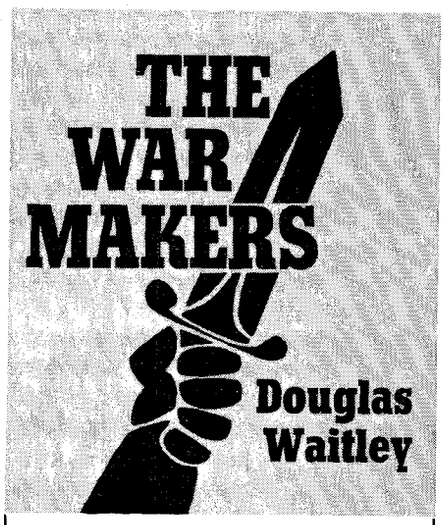

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for which both author and reader have been hoping.

However, there is enough here so we Cass-watchers need not go empty-handed. There is one unusually revealing incident involving Clemenceau. On the eve of a fancy dinner party Cass and his first wife Katsy were throwing in London for the Prince of Wales, he learned that Clemenceau's memoirs were for sale in France. So, leaving Katsy to deal with their 40 guests on her own, he hopped off to Paris, read and disliked the manuscript and bravely avoided commitment to the fierce old man.

It was the right publishing decision, although at the cost of his wife's displeasure and, just possibly, his wife. Explaining his divorce he says, "I was so absorbed in work, so concentrated, that Katsy, with her warm, emotional nature must have felt hungry for a more personal relationship."

That is not the only bright clue he leaves along the way and we are soon picking them up and sensing they are left for us to assemble. Of his present marriage, to Jane White Canfield, a sculptress, he notes "an ability to live together in harmony while we each pursued our own interests."

Cass's father was "a charming gentleman of leisure," a yachtsman who gave up his beloved *Sea Fox* to please his wife. Riding home in a buggy after a tennis game, he caught pneumonia and young Cass, playing with an electric train outside the sickroom, was warned by his mother that any sound might kill the man. When he turned the switch again his mother came to the door to say "Your father is dead," and for years after Cass believed he had killed his loveable, gentle parent.

Of a nanny he says "When she left I wept miserably. This was my first completely absorbing human relationship, and after her departure I was desolate."

He describes his formidable mother as "a Charles Dana Gibson beauty whom Oscar Wilde had called the most beautiful woman in America.... In the mornings she'd summon us to her bedroom where she breakfasted, and one by one we would kiss her. Following this ceremony, she'd get dressed – an elegant routine, for she had a beautiful figure, enclosed in corsets laced in by a strong maid . . . beautiful, determined, courageous. Although she dressed superbly and spent large sums on works of art, she was generally careful with her money . . . " enough to complain memorably of the cost of her seven-year old son's 50-cent breakfast at the Plaza. She died in her '70s, aloof and grand as ever and in her last breath rewarded the mature Cass with "You've been a good son."

Perhaps this is enough to provide an idea of the engine which drives the self-styled Mack truck. Fastidious tastes, strong emotions laced-in. The big Canfield trick seems to be a diverting of all that contained passion into the microcosm he has built of *Harper's*, a preserve of the mind and spirit, ordered by money, exclusive of the rough-house emotions, where he retains a role that is something more than human and less than divine.

Cass Canfield is a businessman to his last compulsive corpuscle but he has missed conspicuously little. He is as curious and exuberant in his '70s as he was at seven when he ate that huge breakfast at the Plaza. Whether he is persuading a hung-over John Gunther to write *Inside Europe*, conciliating the feud between Jackie Kennedy and William Manchester over *The Death of a President*, reassuring a hesitant Svetlana Alliluyeva about a party in her honor, or tinkering the firm's mail-order machinery, he is celebrating his strong appetite for life. That may account for the marvel of him and his excitement of such a widespread envy.

John Leggett

Notable

Songs America Voted By
Edited by Irwin Silber

(Stackpole Books; $12.95)

The compiler of this collection of campaign songs, Irwin Silber, thinks that the "cool" media have killed the songs off. Now if they exist at all, there is little spirit to them; they are largely adaptations of current tin pan alley material.

The collection tends to enforce Silber's opinions, with the end for ebullient corn appearing in the 30s and 40s. FDR attracted an occasional bouncy number ("he promised a lot, but look what we got; we are all of us living on air"), and Landon produced a little hick comedy:

The alphabet we'll always have
But one thing sure is true.

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With Landon in, the raw deal's out,
And that means P.D.Q.

But the days of Hoover, Coolidge and Harding seem to have been the last really unsophisticated and kitschy days:

Hoover: Charles Lindberg flew his plane all the way to France.
Most of the way he flew by the seat of his pants.
Good old American know-how, that's the right way to be,
And if he's good enough for Lindbergh, he's good enough for me.

Coolidge: With a private life of virtue and a public record clean,
He stands upon the summits with a countenance serene.

Harding: From the town of Marion Ohio
Comes a man American right through.
He's the man for us
Because we know him courageous, strong and true.

To go back from Harding is to find, aside from pages of impressively labored rhymes, a greater extravagance of insult and praise than the later campaigns produced (musically). Sometimes the lyrical energy seems to be devoted exclusively to name-calling: corrupt John Sherman, deceiver Altgeld, stupid "Captain" Grant, Lincoln's black crew, and, gloriously, "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine/The monumental liar from the State of Maine."

Then there was Van Buren. Did you know "who never had an honest thought? – Van Buren." And "who like the pois'nous adder stings? – Van Buren." For stanza after stanza. Yet there were songs *for* Van Buren too:

The man on whom we love to look
Is Martin Van of Kinderhook.

Before Van Buren there were endless variations on Yankee Doodle, but occasionally there was something grander, something out of a different tradition, divine poesy:

Jefferson to shade retires
But Madison, like morn, appears.

Is it not hard to imagine Muskie or

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Nixon rising like the morn? Times have changed. This collection suggests that we have been going downhill lyrically for nearly 200 years.

Blue Collars and Hard Hats by Patricia Cayo Sexton and Brendan Sexton

(Random House; $8.95)

The book's subtitle tells us that we're probing "The Working Class and the Future of American Politics." Working class Americans, the Sextons argue, share common economic, social and political grievances with the poor – "yet in backlash attitudes and conservative voting patterns, part of working-class America has set itself against the nation's poor." This antagonism is misdirected and derives, ironically, from the very frustrations which should bind these two groups in natural alliance. The thesis has great potential, but the Sextons muff it and produce an apologia for hard hats instead.

Perhaps President Nixon performed his most spectacular sleight of hand when he managed to create a "silent majority," giving workers a feeling that his administration is fighting for them. The "silent majority" is also America's most forgotten. What's this myth about the "middle class"? Most workers earn less than $10,000, an "adequate" standard, according to the Government, which allows no savings or household "luxuries." They sink into debt, can't educate their kids, watch them go to war; husbands get laid off, pay high taxes, receive lousy medical care. They vote on election day; things get worse. The worker is Marx's original "alienated man."

Important stuff, but the Sextons sabotage the impact. We could do with less true life sagas about "Ronald Popham, Worker" and learn more about the origins of working class hatred for the poor – for blacks, and chicanos, mostly. What drove a wedge between oppressed classes with common grievances? The authors don't say. They disparage American liberals in general but deify Robert Kennedy (they call him "Bobby"), whom they seem to think would actually have brought hard hats and blacks and chicanos into each other's arms. If they really believe that, they misunderstand gravely the deep social roots nurturing American economic and political injustice.

Finally, the book never tells us about the "future of American politics" on the left, which it promises to do. The Sextons do suggest some issues which could rally a "majority of decent and progressive voters" – safe proposals like mass transit, expansion of community colleges, good low cost housing and educational TV.

Irrational Ravings by Pete Hamill

(Putnam; $7.95)

Spiro Agnew once denounced the "irrational ravings" of Pete Hamill, the New York *Post* columnist, which automatically put Hamill in the club of new, radical-leaning journalists worth reading. Hamill comes from the New York branch – Jimmy Breslin, Norman Mailer, Murray Kempton. They share Hamill's New York tough guy background: Hamill beat up kids after school, Mailer stabbed his wife, Breslin drinks booze with cops. They understand "middle America" like Agnew never has, and they've reached some radically different conclusions. Hamill doesn't blame social ills on revolutionaries, or country people, or construction workers, but on a logical, efficient, misdirected system. Most people are good people, he says – if you give them half a chance.

Irrational Ravings compresses 10 years of a fine journalist's work into one book, including *Post* columns on Vietnam, on campaign politics (he was a good but critical friend of Robert Kennedy) on fighters in the ring, and some pieces on his cherished New York written for *New York*. A journalist's work is a "kind of first draft of history," Hamill says. There is always something a bit stale in rereading articles written years ago, but the often clumsy prose, the half-conceived thoughts, the gushing anger and sentimentality offer a personal record which provides a view no historian writing after the fact can ever capture. Hamill wrote the first serious, sensitive article on "The Revolt of the White Lower Middle Class" before hard-hat punditry became popular. His three columns on the fighting in Ireland in the spring of 1969 still give a deeper picture of the Ulster tragedy than hundreds of columns appearing now. And of course he wrote ferociously from Vietnam way back in 1966. Hamill exposes social nerves long before anyone else feels the pain.

The Winds of War by Herman Wouk

(Little, Brown; $10.00)

Eight hundred and eighty-five pages isn't so much when you consider the plot is essentially a retelling of World War II from 1936 to Pearl Harbor. Wouk takes an uncomplicated set of characters – the Navy family of Pug Henry – and scatters them around the globe in advance of the war to record events at firsthand. With his wife Rhoda, Pug is posted to Berlin as a diplomatic attaché; his daughter goes to work for CBS radio in New York; one son volunteers for submarine duty and the other becomes a Navy flier. As Wouk intended, it is an ordinary family. Pug is a straight-laced navy careerist whose ambitions never reach beyond the Navy but who finds himself continually thrown into positions of prestige and influence. He becomes a reluctant confidant of Franklin Roosevelt. In the same way, every member of the family stumbles into historic moments with uncanny regularity: a simple family chronicle becomes the story of America's waking from isolation. The Henry chronicle includes conversations with Roosevelt, Hitler, Göring, Ribbentrop, Mussolini, Stalin, Churchill and eyewitness reports on the invasion of Poland, the bombing of London and Berlin, early research on The Bomb, the flight of Jews from southern Europe, and ultimately the attack on Pearl Harbor. To fill out the global perspective, Wouk intersperses this modest family history with bits of German analysis of the war, purportedly "translated" by Pug Henry many years afterward. Naturally, all this takes space. (If you're reluctant to submit to such lengthy treatment, be warned that this is only the first assault. A book-jacket blurb says Wouk has begun a "sequel to *The Winds of War*, a work of equal size and scope, picturing the global conflict from Pearl Harbor to the fall of Nazi Germany and the Japanese surrender.") World War II does make a good plot, and the story moves along briskly.

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Counter/Measures, Number One, 1972 Edited by X.J. Kennedy and Dorothy M. Kennedy; $2.00

A promising new literary magazine. The editors begin by noting that free verse has won, and that Charles Olson's preachings in favor of "open-field" composition have mesmerized the young. They then propose to print no free verse. The restriction appeals to them because their mailbox, they feel, won't fill up. Then follow poems by more than forty traditionalists of varying degrees of severity, including W.D. Snodgrass, Anthony Hecht, J.V. Cunningham, William Meredith and Richard Wilbur. A once-a-year venture. Address: Box 431, Bedford, Mass., 01730.

The New Journalism by Michael L. Johnson

(University of Kansas; cloth, $6.95; paper, $2.95)

Johnson shows the New Journalism developing in three distinct areas: the underground press; the nonfiction of Mailer, Capote, Tom Wolfe and others who bring the novelist's sensitivities to their reportage; and periodicals like *Harper's* that have been above ground approximately as long as the Washington Monument but have recently latched on to some of the themes and techniques of the counterculture press. He brushes rapidly over the history of underground publications (which Robert J. Glessing treated with the slow-motion of faithful scholarship in *The Underground Press in America* in 1970), taking a gently critical stance toward their twisting and fictionalizing of the news.

Granddaddy of the anti-Establishment papers is the *Village Voice*. Notoriously prosperous beside hundreds of its progeny – its circulation nudges 150,000 – the *Voice* is not strong on revolution, yet from its beginnings in 1955 and despite the timidity attributed to it by envious competitors, the *Voice* led the way in abandoning the journal-

NOTE ON CONTRIBUTOR

Novelist JOHN LEGGETT, *who teaches at the University of Iowa, was an editor at* Harper's *for many years.*

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istic ideal of objectivity. The joys and disappointments of involvement, the frankly examined private experience became primary material for its reporters.

The Los Angeles *Free Press* then led the way in pressing new themes – the liberating influence of rock music, sexual freedom, the madness of racism, our Vietnam entrapment, with perhaps the preponderance of underground organs coming to the conclusion, no cure but revolution.

Johnson regrets this absolutism, and he is happier writing about Capote, Wolfe and Mailer, whose talents entitle them to be wrongheaded part of the time. He is convinced for example that the nonfiction novel of Capote and Mailer spells the death of the realistic novel – a considerable accomplishment.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

manufacturing evidence for myself if I dispraise his first production of the new season. I can't let that possibility deter me from saying that *Mary Stuart* is quintessential Irving (he directed it himself): a dullish revival in Lincoln Center's familiar it's-good-for-you tradition.

The trouble begins with Stephen Spender's version (done in 1958) of Schiller's original. In a program note Spender makes a usual excuse of free adapters, that he wanted "to get Schiller on to the contemporary stage: a thing that no one has been able to do until now." If he means the English-language stage, he's simply inaccurate: the play was done by the Phoenix Theater in 1957 and was toured by another company for a season after that. (He says, too, that the same process could be applied to certain English plays like Middleton's *The Changeling*, which are "never" performed. Lincoln Center itself produced *The Changeling*, pre-Irving.)

And what is Spender's freedom? Here's the very first line. Mary's elderly maid enters to find their jailer rifling the queen's cabinet, and she says: "What *are* you up to now?" (Ma Perkins in Fotheringay Castle.) Later, Mary says to the impassioned young Mortimer: "Unfortunate infatuated boy!" (W. S. Gilbert would have loved it.) There's more.

Nevertheless Nancy Marchand succeeds fairly well as Elizabeth; the role of Queen Bess, in numerous plays and films I've seen, is always sure-fire. Salome Jens, the Mary, launches her juicy alto voice at us from the start and shows us a series of willowy tableaux. Jens's acting, as usual, is the epitome of representationalism, all effects. In a true virtuoso, this can sometimes be thrilling. (I once heard a record of Bernhardt reciting the *Marseillaise* which couldn't have been more vacuous or more exciting.) But if an actress asks that we watch her *in* the part instead of watching her *do* the part, she has to have more virtuosity than Jens can now supply.

Stephen Elliott is solid as Burleigh, and Philip Bosco satisfies as Leicester. The resident company's resident faults show in the oddly mixed styles of Andy Robinson's vernacular Davidson, Robert Phalen's terrier-like Mortimer (a part for which he's physically unsuited), and Ray Fry's French ambassador. Once again Fry is a blatant slouchy Hoosier, as he was in Synge's Ireland last season.

Irving has directed with a selection of groupings and movements that are the commonplaces of costume revivals, particularly those on thrust stages without much furniture. The play was much better performed by the Phoenix under Tyrone Guthrie with Irene Worth as Mary and Eva LeGallienne as Elizabeth, with one or two really fine moments from Worth. Even then I felt there was small point in the revival unless one had some vision of pertinence in the juxtaposition of these two queens, with Leicester as bond/divider. Anything less becomes just one more trudge through a classic, with the chief aim (as here) to make everything clear. I'm not a disciple of Artaud, but no more of *this* masterpiece, please.

P.S. I've just discovered that Spender's program notes come from a book published in London in 1959. Irving reprinted them here *unchanged*.

Film Note. Irene Worth is now visible as Goneril in Peter Brook's film of *King Lear* (Altura), and her performance is by far the best thing in it. Brook shot the film in Denmark after, apparently, a close study of Bergman's *The Virgin Spring*, and was seemingly determined to prove that Shakespeare *is* cinematic. In fact, Brook does worse than some other directors because of cutting and camera angles that often

COMING:

Peter barnes reconsiders
Progress and Poetry
by Henry George

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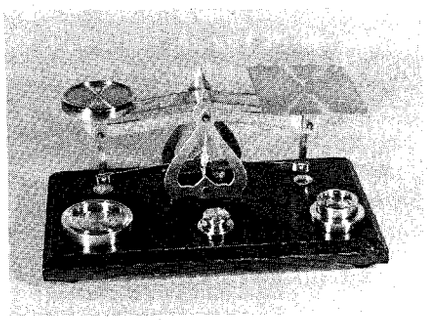
don't let us look where we'd like to be looking at the moment. The text is butchered, and the repertoire of stale camera tricks doesn't compensate. Brook managed to make a viable film out of his stage production of *Marat/Sade*, not of his stage production of *Lear*. Paul Scofield underplays the king even more drastically than on stage. ("Aye, every inch a king" with his hands in his armpits, sounding quite diffident.) It comes off as a druidic Willy Loman.



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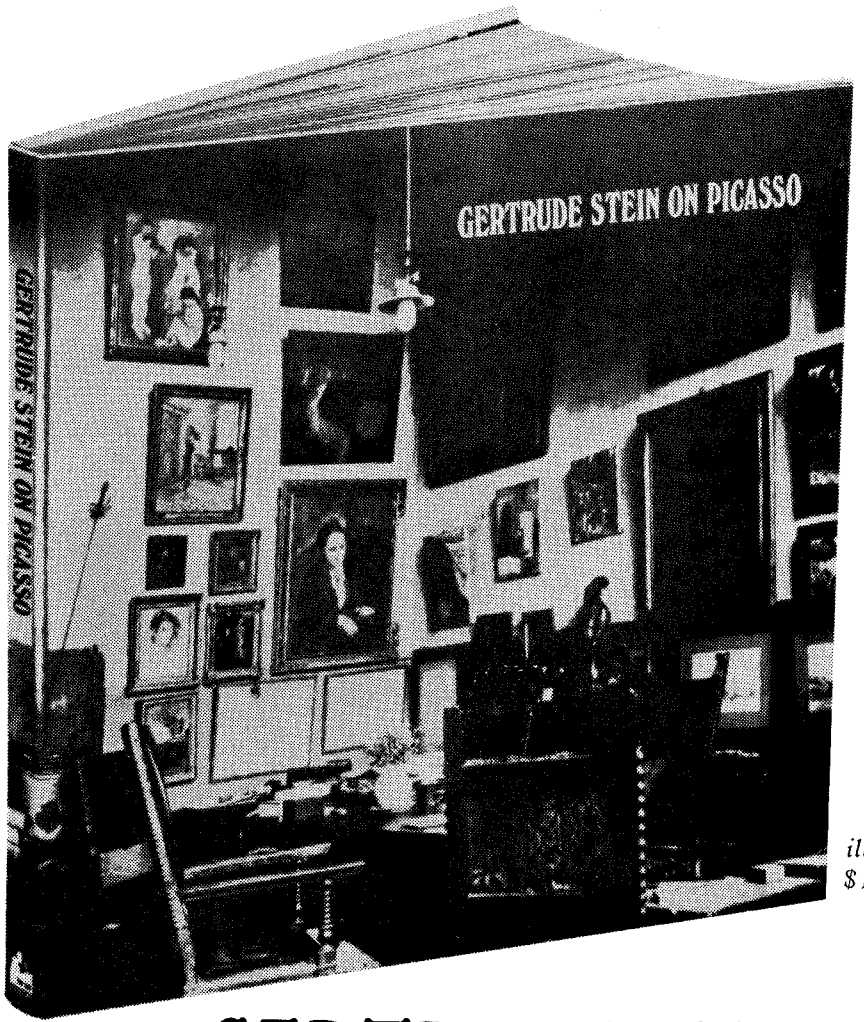

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That's why television continues to focus its inquisitive eye on our communities and the larger world. On people and events that affect us, that inspire us, that excite and concern us, and that sometimes trouble us.

Not to the exclusion of bright and lively entertainment for the holidays. As you check the list below, you can see there's also plenty to amuse and enlighten every age group.

And why not. Isn't that what holidays are for?

All the Way Home. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Pulitzer Prize play from James Agee's novel, with Joanne Woodward, Richard Kiley. Wednesday, Dec. 1 (8:30-10 pm).

Santa Claus is Coming to Town. Animation with voices of Fred Astaire, Mickey Rooney, Keenan Wynn. Friday, Dec. 3 (8-9 pm).

The American West of John Ford. Tribute to the film director, with John Wayne, James Stewart, Henry Fonda. Sunday, Dec. 5 (9:30-10:30 pm).

Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer. Burl Ives narrates animated musical. Monday, Dec. 6 (8-9 pm).

Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas. Animated holiday story. Tuesday, Dec. 7 (7:30-8 pm).

A Charlie Brown Christmas. Yuletide with the "Peanuts" kids. Tuesday, Dec. 7 (8-8:30 pm).

Julie and Carol at Lincoln Center. Julie Andrews and Carol Burnett. Tuesday, Dec. 7 (8:30-9:30 pm).

The Plot to Murder Hitler. Appointment with Destiny—Re-enactment of assassination attempt. Thursday, Dec. 9 (8-9 pm).

Oil For But One Day. Religious special celebrating Chanukah Festival. Sunday, Dec. 12 (12-12:30 pm).

A Christmas Carol. Animated version of Dickens' story. Sunday, Dec. 12 (5-6 pm).

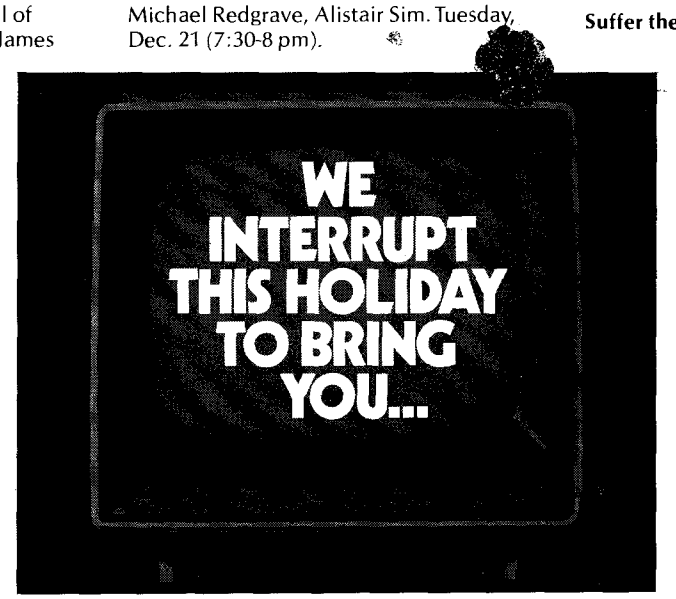
The Littlest Angel. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Shepherd boy is transformed into an angel. With Fred Gwynne, Cab Calloway, E. G. Marshall, Tony Randall. Sunday, Dec. 12 (7:30-9 pm).

The Little Drummer Boy. Animated musical with voices of Greer Garson, Jose Ferrer. Tuesday, Dec. 14 (7:30-8 pm).

The Night the Animals Talked. Parable of birth of Christ witnessed by group of animals. Friday, Dec. 17 (8-8:30 pm).

The Homecoming—A Christmas Story. Sensitive story of rural family during the Depression. Sunday, Dec. 19 (7:30-9:30 pm).

A Christmas Carol. Animated in the fashion of Dickens' times. Voices of Michael Redgrave, Alistair Sim. Tuesday, Dec. 21 (7:30-8 pm).



Octopus, Octopus. *Cousteau films* Pacific octopus. Tuesday, Dec. 21 (8-9 pm).

Getting There First: The American Experience. History of American achievements. Tuesday, Dec. 21 (9-10 pm).

Death of Diem. NBC News White Paper on JFK and Vietnam. Wednesday, Dec. 22 (10-11 pm).

Correspondents Report—Parts 1 and 2. Year-end wrap-up of news. Thursdays, Dec. 23 and 30 (9-10 pm).

J.T. Drama about lonely ghetto youth. Friday, Dec. 24 (8:30-9:30 pm).

Chronolog. Sampler of children's programming around world. Friday, Dec. 24 (8:30-10 pm).

Beethoven's Birthday: A Celebration in Vienna with Leonard Bernstein. Vienna Philharmonic plays Piano Concerto No. 1, "Fidelio," Symphony No. 9. Friday, Dec. 24 (9:30-11 pm).

Far From the Madding Crowd. Film of Hardy novel. Saturday and Monday, Dec. 25, 27 (9-11 pm).

Terror in Ulster. Chronicling strife in Northern Ireland (Date TBA.)

AND SOME JANUARY HIGHLIGHTS...

Whatever Happened to Privacy? Gadgets, processes, procedures that diminish privacy. Monday, Jan. 3 (8-9 pm).

Projection '72. Reviewing '71, analysts forecast trends of '72. Sunday, Jan. 9 (5-6:30 pm).

Suffer the Little Children. Effects on children of violence in Ulster. Tuesday, Jan. 11 (9:30-10:30 pm).

The Last Tribes of Mindanao. National Geographic study of natives of the Philippines, Wednesday, Jan. 12 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Mysterious Spring: Africa's Mzima. Study of African animal life. Sunday, Jan. 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Jack Lemmon in 'S Wonderful, 'S Marvelous, 'S Gershwin. The work of George and Ira Gershwin. Monday, Jan. 17 (8-9:30 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood/The Electric Company.

Thursday: CBS Reports (appearing every fourth week).

Friday: Chronolog (appearing fourth Friday each month).

Saturday: Pop-Up/In the News/Dr. Dolittle/Barrier Reef/Lidsville/Take a Giant Step/Curiosity Shop/Mr. Wizard/You Are There/CBS Children's Film Festival.

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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